* July 7, 1945

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THE NEW YORKER

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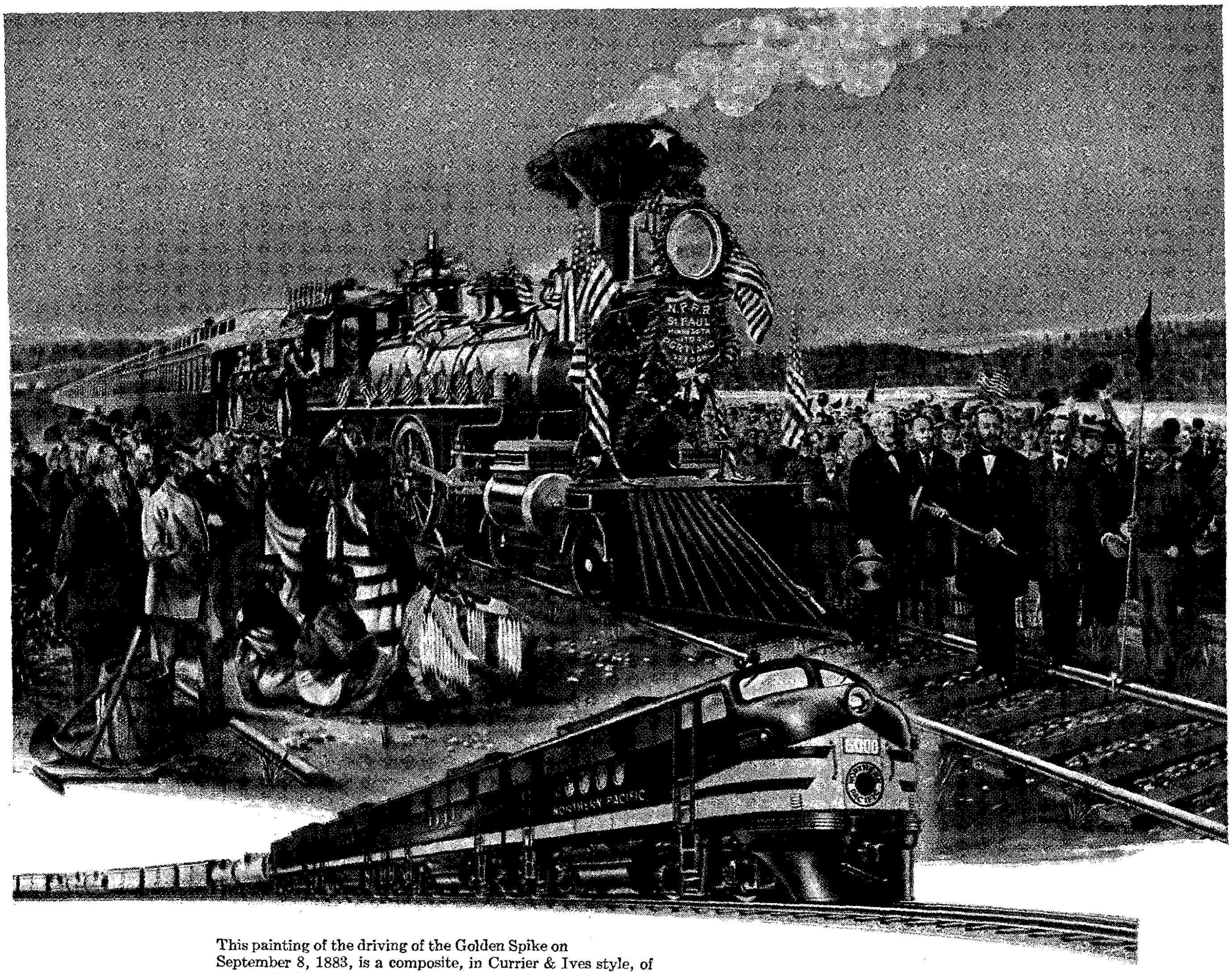

This painting of the driving of the Golden Spike on September 8, 1883, is a composite, in Currier & Ives style, of an actual photograph of the historic engine and a mural now decorating the Montana State Capitol in Helena.

WRITING NEW RAILROAD HISTORY

Sun glinting on yellow metal marked a great moment in railroad history that day in September, 1883. At Gold Creek, Montana, General U. S. Grant drove home a golden spike—and the Northern Pacific, first of the northern transcontinental railroads, was completed.

Shortly after, a special train puffed over the spot, carrying officials and distinguished guests from the East and Europe, on the first through train trip from St. Paul to Portland, Oregon.

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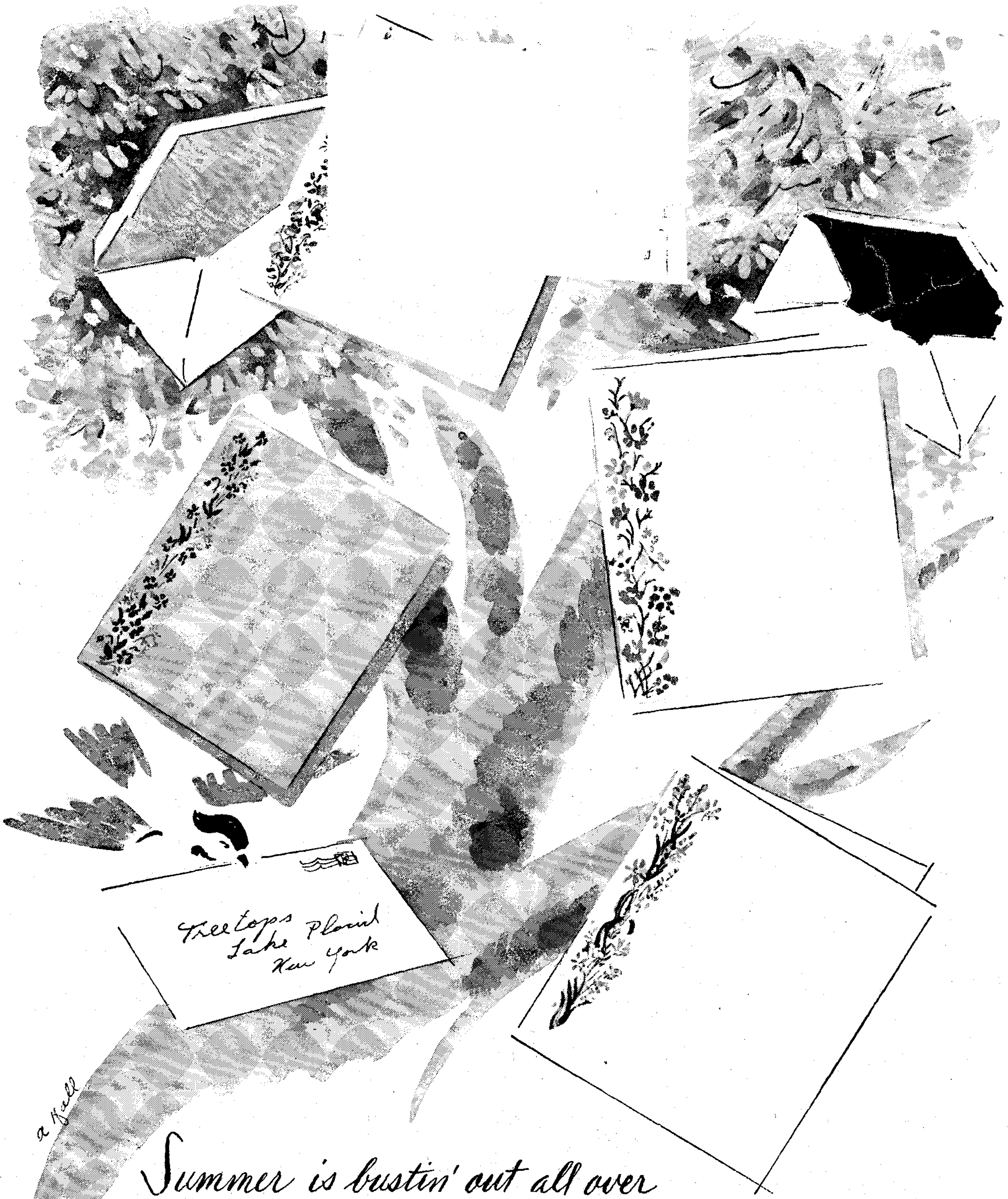
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 14.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Judith Evelyn, June Knight, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—Sir Arthur Sullivan and plain George S. Kaufman have transplanted Buttercup and her friends to California with not very happy results. Victor Moore and William Gaxton head a cast that includes Shirley Booth, Mary Wickes, Annamary Dickey, and Gilbert Russell. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Thurs. Aft., July 5, at 2:30; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store.)

Laffing Room Only!—Frank Libuse does his best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Tues. Aft., July 10, at 2:30; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Marinka—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, with music by Emmerich Kalman, and a cast including Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Luba Malina. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Jules Leventhal and Harry Howard. Opens Wed., July 11. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Some places where you will find dance music nd/or other entertainment. Several of them are losed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead efore starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for enterainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's slapdash orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Georgia Gibbs, Josh White, and Beatrice Kraft in a horrid conspiracy to make you want to stay up all night. Appropriate music by Edmond Hall's accomplished band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, songs by Ann Hathaway, and music by Phil Moore's overwrought orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's largest and coolest all-weather tropics. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Walter Liberace, who plays piano to a victrola accompaniment, is in the Persian Room with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras alternating on the stand. Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a small supper show, principally Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals, for no special reason. Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra for dancing, with Mischa Borr's band alternating at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff and his merry monologues, Mildred Bailey and her sultry songs, along with the cheerful music of the Herman Chittison trio and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a fairly standardized show, with Jerry Cooper and a collection of delectable show girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Russell Swann, the bright magician, being very untypical of the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green and the orchestras of Enric Madriguera and Joel Herron. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James and his orchestra on this

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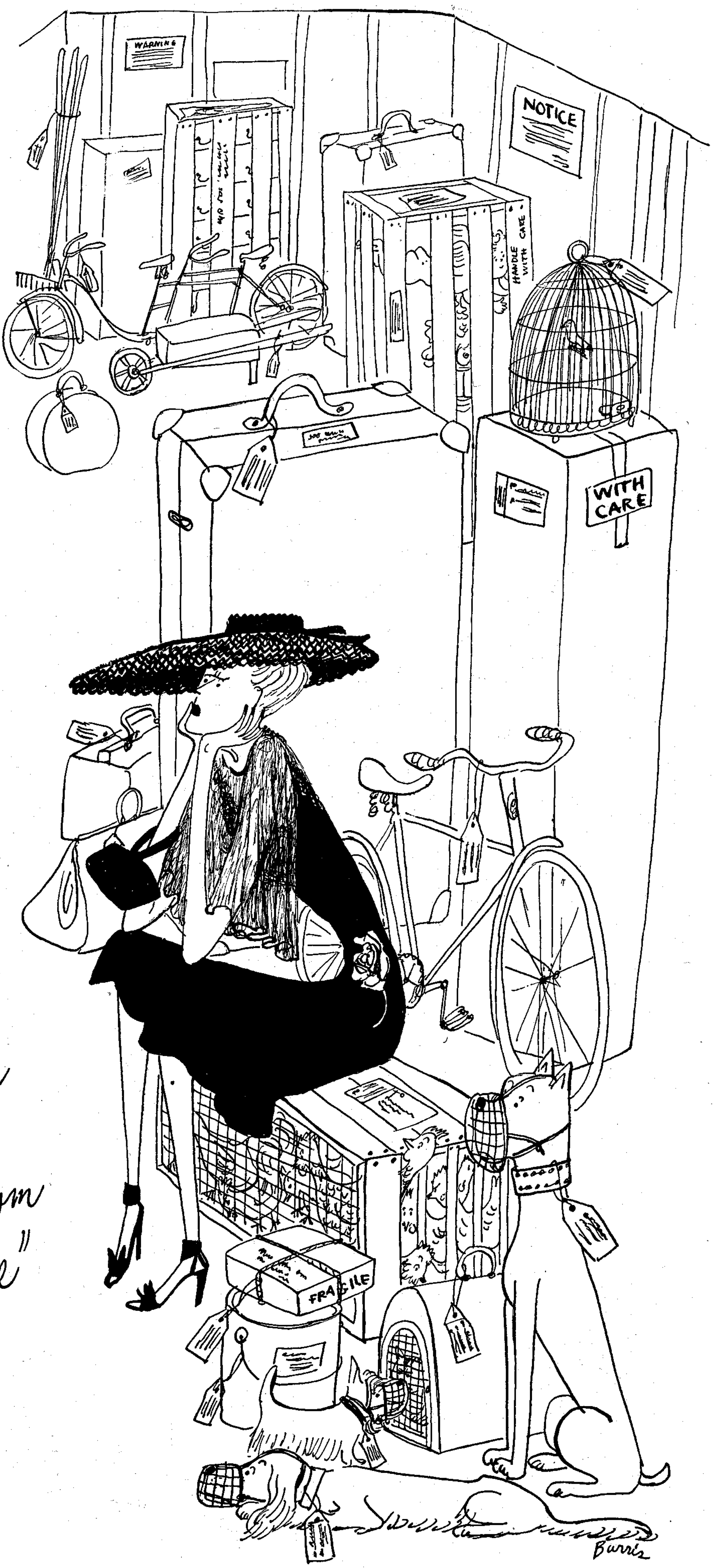
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HANDLE WITH CARE
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Burris

"The conductor won't let her out of the baggage car till she gets some commuter clothes from Saks Fifth Avenue"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. Closes for the summer on Sun., July 8. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; also, Don Frye as solo pianist and the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his teammates, Al Casey and his new trio, and occasionally the moody Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American—The Encyclopædia Britannica collection of contemporary art: International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., July 8.

Austrian—A hundred years of Austrian art, from Ferdinand Georg Waldmüller to Oskar Kokoschka; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 7.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **67 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 7. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 13. . . . **ART OF THIS CENTURY**, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren MacIver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 7. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 13. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., July 14. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 13. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 27. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison, at 57: members of this gallery's group, including De Hirsh Margules and Mariano Rodriguez. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 20. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: work by contemporary French artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 20.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 14.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3) an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Photography—over two hundred prints in the annual International Salon of Photography: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 15.

Fred E. Robertson—Semi-naïve paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 14.

MUSIC

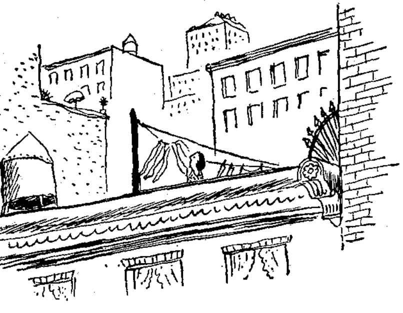
Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting, Thurs. through Sun., July 5-8; Alexander Smallens conducting, Mon. through Fri., July 9-13; Ignace Strasfogel conducting, Sat., July 14. Highlights: Bronislaw Huberman, violin, July 5; Alec Templeton, piano, July 7; Gladys Swarthout, contralto, Martial Singher, baritone, and others, in "Carmen," July 9-10; all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano, and Todd Duncan, baritone, July 12; Carl Stern, cello, July 14. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

Juilliard Concerts—Lonny Epstein, piano, Thurs., July 5; Marcel Grandjany, harp, Fri., July 6; David Holland, piano, Tues., July 10; Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Wed., July 11; John J. Niles, folk singer, Thurs., July 12; Sigismond Stojowski, piano, Fri., July 13. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Goldman Band—Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri., July 6, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., July 7 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Sun., July 8 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sat., July 12-14, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri., July 6, at 8:30 P.M., Sat., July 7, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 8 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.



Red Cross Benefit Game: Yankees vs. Giants, Mon., July 9, at 8:45 P.M. (Polo Grounds.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 6; Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 13. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Golf—L.I.G.A. Amateur Championship, Hempstead G.C., Hempstead, L.I.: qualifying rounds, Mon. through Fri., July 9-13; match play rounds, starting Sat., July 14. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Public Links Championship, qualifying rounds, starting Sat., July 14, Hendricks Field Golf Course, Belleville, N.J.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., July 14. (The Gazelle, July 7; the Shevlin, July 10; the Dwyer and the Great American, July 14.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M., through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: New York A.C., Sun., July 8, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Eclipse—There will be a partial eclipse of the sun on Mon., July 9, which can be seen in this area from 7:07 to 9:05 A.M.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Planetarium—"Summer Stars" is the title of the July lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

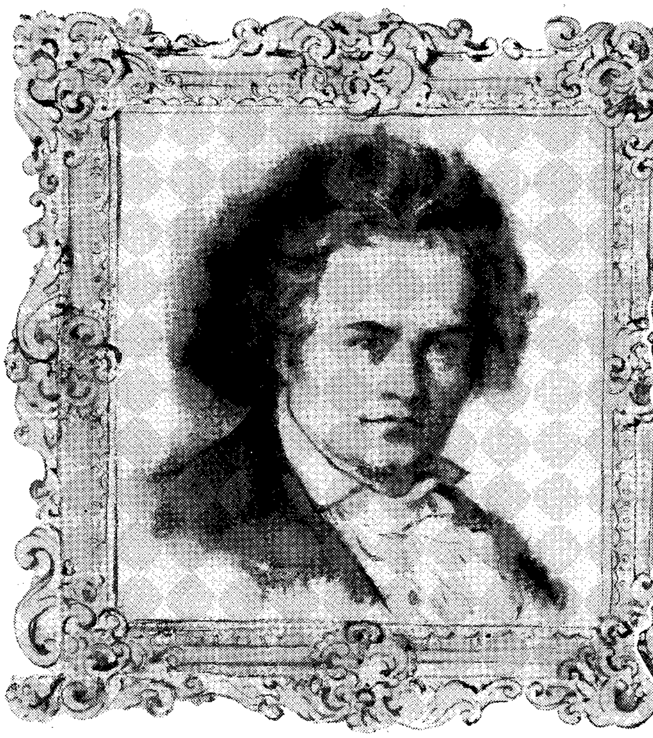
ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy, Sat., July 7, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., July 8, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 6 and 13, and Wed., July 11, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boston "Pops" orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat., July 7 and 14, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 7 and 14, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, Fri., July 6; Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., July 13; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Europe), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,
1770—1827

"More than any other composer Beethoven deserves to be called the Shakespeare of music, for he reaches to the heights and plumbs the depths of the human spirit as no other composer has done, and it was his own ambition to be called 'tone-poet.' In him were combined, in a measure that remains (and may forever remain) unique, the power to feel both passionately and tenderly and the mastery of musical resources necessary to express his feelings in the most direct and vivid way."
Taken from "The Oxford Companion to Music," by Percy A. Scholes.

Both are *Beethoven*...but the one on the right is a *Scott*

Yes, both are Beethoven—authentic portraits of this great composer. The one on the left reflects his visual features; the other, a Scott Radio and Record-Player, reproduces the brilliantly mobile soul of his music—a music at one time so liquid, at another so stirring, that only an instrument of the greatest tonal flexibility could completely capture its vagaries of mood.

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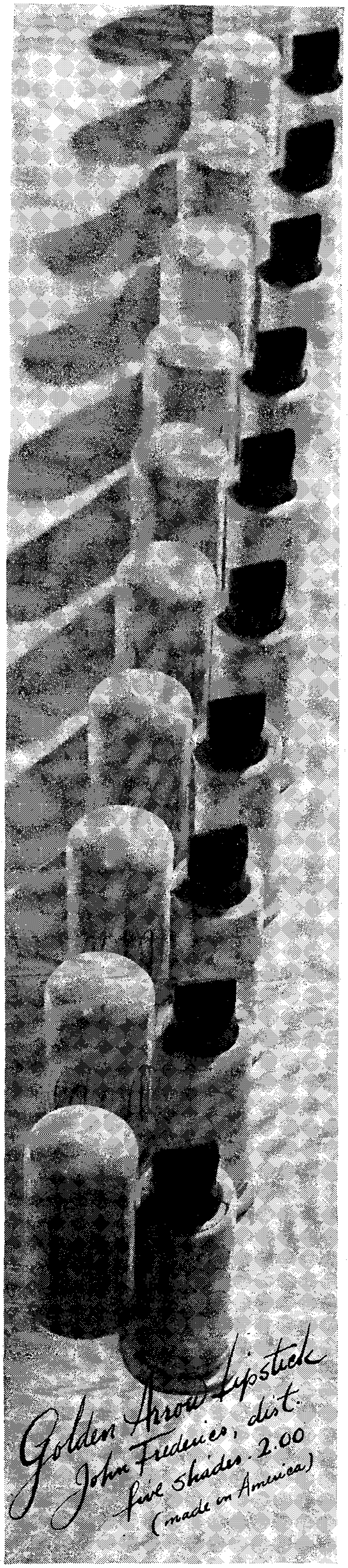


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM
THURSDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 14

London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., July 9-12. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., July 10-12.)

JUNIOR MISS—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the 1920's. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., July 7.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., July 7-10. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., July 11-14.)

THE THREE CABALLEROS—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., July 8-10.)

WITHOUT LOVE—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., July 5. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., July 6. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., July 8-11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Mon. through Fri., July 9-13. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., July 11-13.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye doubling up in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

NOTE—"Now—the Peace," a graphic and arresting short film having to do with the practical application of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods, is being shown at the Embassy, 33 W. 50, Thurs., July 5.

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (1938)—Heiress marries cowhand. Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 6-7.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 10-12.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 7. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., July 8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 8-9.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., July 9.)

IN OUR TIME (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., July 5.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW (1943)—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 10-12.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., July 11.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 6-8.)

SHALL WE DANCE? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., July 9.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Mon. through Wed., July 9-11.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1938)—Early René Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., July 10.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 7. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., July 8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 8-9.)

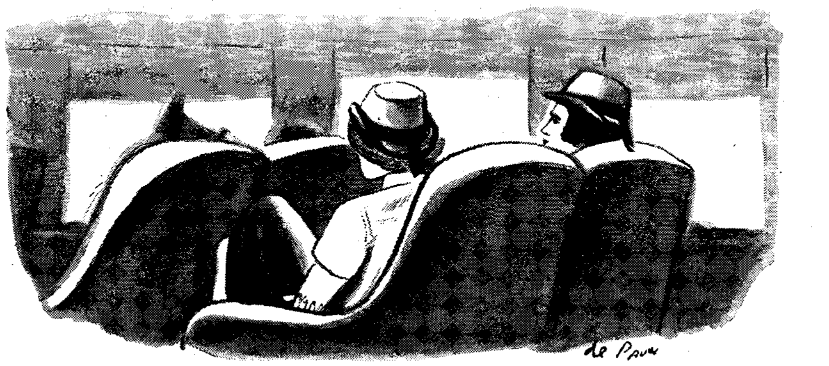
TORRID ZONE (1940)—Life among banana-pickers, with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 10-11.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., JULY 5:** one sequence of "Hotel Imperial" (1926-7), with Pola Negri; and "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., JULY 6-8:** "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 9-12:** early talkies: two scenes from "The Jazz Singer" (1927); "Movietone Newsreel" (1927), with George Bernard Shaw; one sequence of "The Lights of New York" (1928); and "Steamboat Willie" (1928), Walt Disney film. . . . **FROM FRI., JULY 13:** "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be *made through the Officers' Service Committee*, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer play-



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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

grounds.... **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day sorting and packing clothing to be sent overseas; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.)... **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic, linen room, or office aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies.... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

NOTE—The New York City Defense Recreation Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900) has issued an appeal for volunteers to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment for service personnel on furlough in the city.

HARVESTERS—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign will continue through Sat., July 7, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are still recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050).... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.... Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office, for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

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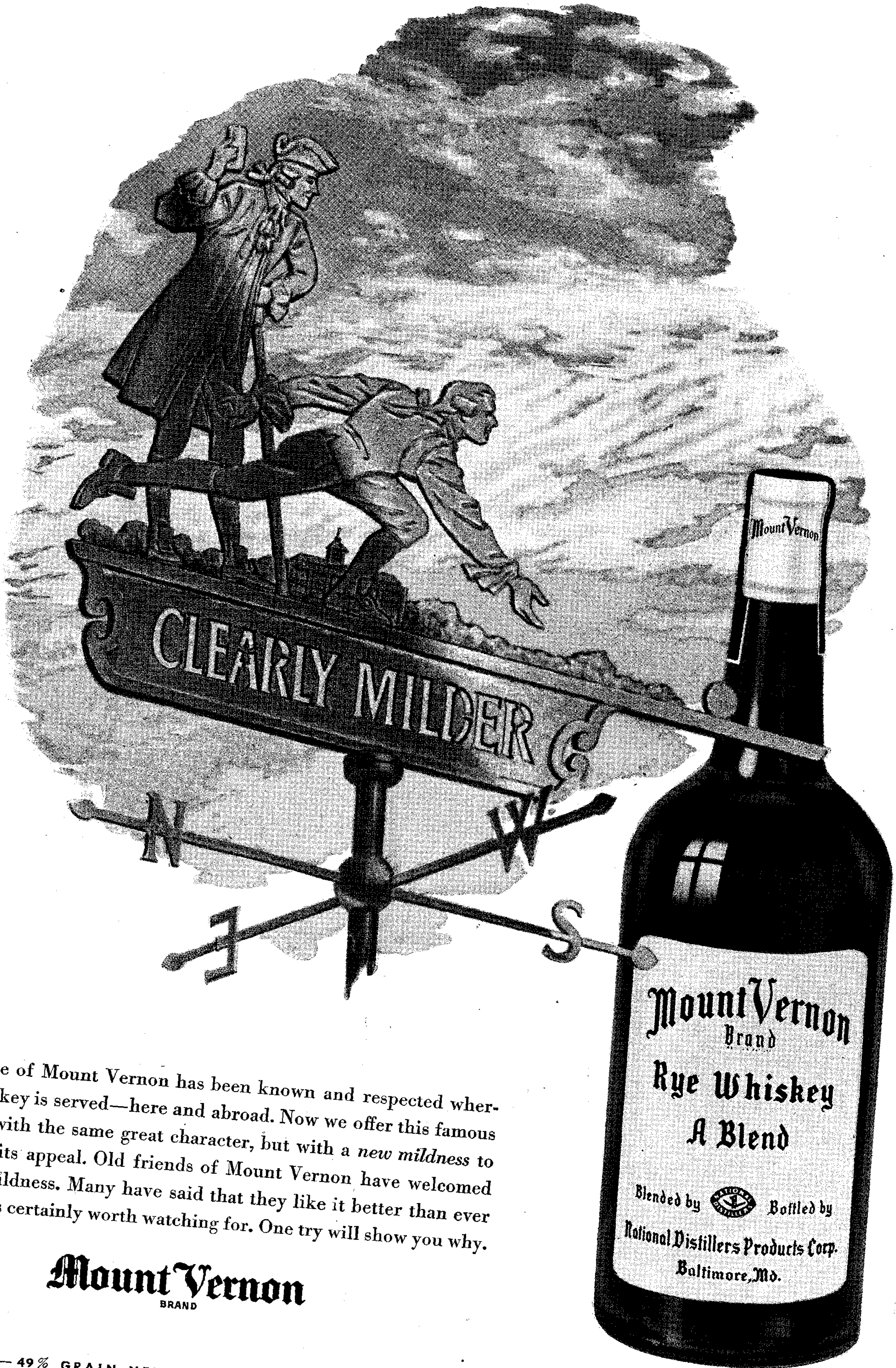
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TRANSLATION: *Yes, it is true that the finest Persian Lamb pelts come straight from Russia to Hollander—to be made even more supple, lustrous, lovely. That's why the best stores are proud to feature the Featherlite Brand. That's why you should look for the Hollander tag when you buy Persian. It means* ***lasting*** *beauty.*

RUSSIAN VOCABULARY

Da	*Yes*	Spràshivat	*Look*
Pràvda	*True*	Pokoopàyete	*Buy*
Pribivàyoot	*Come*	Znàtchit	*Means*
Pochemòo	*Why*	Krasotà	*Beauty*

HOLLANDER
FEATHERLITE
PERSIAN

Fine Persian Lambs come to

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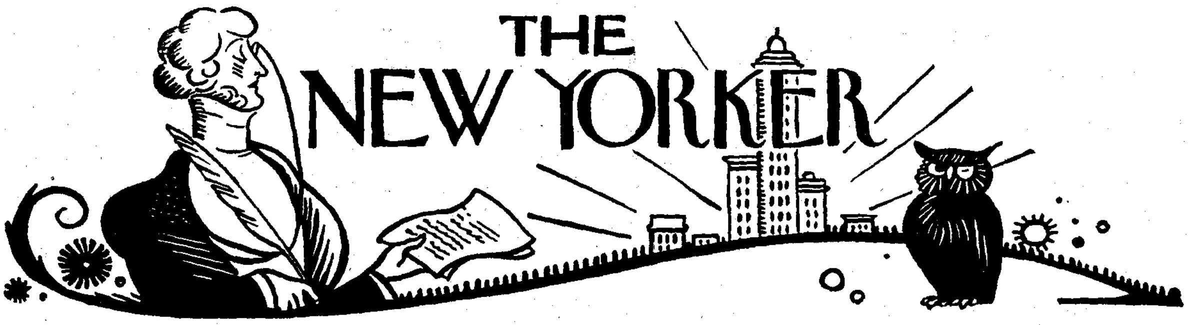
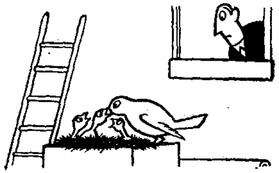
WORLD'S LARGEST DYERS OF PRECIOUS FURS



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FRIENDLY NOTE OF ADVICE TO THE PEANUT-BUTTER INDUSTRY: We have just concluded an informal poll which revealed that ten out of thirteen housewives stand peanut-butter jars upside down to keep the oil from collecting at the top. Advice: Print the labels upside down.



WE spent a couple of days last week in the New Weston, in a room which overlooked an areaway. The areaway, a repository for ladders and pipes, was occupied by pigeons that moaned incessantly during all the daylight hours. One of the pigeons was a hen-bird who was caring for a lusty squab, and, as with many parents these days, the sight of a young offspring ready for the world filled her with an incurable sadness. At intervals she and her friends would stop moaning while she refilled the squab's crop, pumping

ple assembled the other day by the Patuxent River and opened up a vista of homes with no kitchens, of meals with no trouble at all. It seems that the Maxson Food outfit, which turns out sky food for plane passengers, has been looking ahead to the day when housewives will lean not on the stove but on Maxson's belt line, from which perfectly prepared meals will roll in an unending stream. This is O.K. with us, but we trust that Maxson will follow through and not stop at any halfway measures. Stronger than a housewife's longing for a precooked meal is her dream of an uncluttered aftermath: a sink with no dirty dishes, a table with no residue. It is therefore not enough that the Maxson meal be precooked, it must arrive in an edible container. All plates, all utensils should be made of some humble legume, firm yet palatable, and with a glazed finish. Then when the meal is over and the last dish has been eaten, there will be no trace of the ugly occasion—just the full people, the empty board, the vacant stare.

JUST as we were going in to lunch with a fellow, he was accosted by a waiter, and the two of them drew apart

usually silent through the meal and picked moodily at his food. A man who is watching a couple of horses doesn't want to be annoyed with any puny distractions.

THE New York *Times* put out a wirephoto edition during the Conference in San Francisco—we used to snitch a copy every morning from the desk of the Palace Hotel. It was an experiment in publishing and in our opinion a successful one, pointing the way which newspapers will travel as they trot manfully along at the great swift heels of radio. The thing that scares us about the newspaper business is not the challenge of speed but the new conception of publishing, which seems to release the publisher from all responsibility for what he publishes. (We're not talking about the *Times*, which we regard as a highly responsible rag; we're talking about papers in general.) Just the other day we happened to see a Mobile *Register* which led off the Drew Pearson column with the following cool disclaimer:

Editor's Note to Readers:
Drew Pearson's column is published without endorsement of The

their readers, "we don't ask you to *believe* any of these guys."

Adult Farm Labor

IN the fourth summer of war, the volunteer crop pickers are still trudging sturdily along. We spent one sunny day of last week up at Clermont, New York, watching sixty-seven members of an adult Farm Labor Camp, all but seven or eight of them female, get in the last of the Hudson Valley strawberries. High-school and college students generally live in separate camps, and everybody else is classified as Adult Labor. There were several college people at this camp, though—some kind of exception to the rule. These workers, many of whom will continue to gather various crops for the rest of the summer, were all recruited by the Farm Workers Bureau of the United States Employment Service. They are guaranteed ten dollars a week, even if it's too rainy to work or if there's no crop ready at the time. That takes care of room and board. In this instance it was at a hostelry known before Pearl Harbor as Ye Clermont Inne. At hourly or piecework wages—the arrangement differs according to the crop—an inexperienced but willing picker can gross fifteen or eighteen dollars a week, and enjoy the knowledge that he or she has helped ease the food situation. The typical picker is a she in the low twenties with a sunburned nose.

We arrived at Ye Inne just as the pickers, who had been delayed by early-morning showers, were setting out in trucks to the various farms to which they were assigned. There are fifteen strawberry growers within driving distance of Clermont, and every day each one drew on the labor pool according his needs and the available man-

you're cooped up with a lot of girls." "He proposed to Dottie Saturday night, and she turned him down," one of the girls whispered to us. The only other interesting men in camp, we learned from the same source, were three terribly cute Cornell medical students who wouldn't even look at a girl who didn't have a broken arm or a runny nose.

Mr. Stickles' farm turned out to be high up on a plateau, with a view of the purple Catskills across the Hudson. His rows of berries stretched as far as the eye could see. Mrs. Stickles, who, like her husband, was browned by the sun, elderly, and affable, gently urged the volunteers to bear down hard. "Got to make up for all this rain," she said. "Don't forget, now, put the big, red ones on top, and don't pick any overripe ones or they'll rot the whole box." The girls deployed into the field, carefully avoiding a group of professional pickers who were gathered in one corner of it. "All they talk about is pinochle," one of the girls explained. A pretty girl named Claire, who told us she worked in an antique store on Madison Avenue, showed us how to tackle strawberries. "You kneel on one knee, like a knight getting his sword," she said. "When you get exhausted you sit, but don't *bend*. Honest, I *know*." "It's all right if you want to reduce," a plump girl called over to Claire. "I've been bending ever since I came up, and I've lost five pounds." "Does this work ever make you sleep at night!" another picker exclaimed. "I brought 'The Faerie Queene' with me and I haven't even opened it."

Plan

A SENTIMENTAL old gentleman whose afternoon stroll takes him past Gramercy Park stopped the

other day to listen to two little girls who were deep in conversation just inside the fence there. "What I want more than anything else, I want to have a puppy," one of them was saying. "So do I," the other said. "And I'm going to have one, too—just as soon as the war is over and my nurse dies."

In the Book

IT seems that at any given moment there's some fellow known to inner-circle political observers (the readers of *Time* and Pearson) as the Administration's favorite bright young man and potential Harry Hopkins or Ben Cohen. Such, as we write, is the reputation of Hugh A. Fulton, senior and stoutest member of the ten-month-old law firm of Fulton & Walter, with offices in Radio City and Washington. Fulton is Falstaffian, red-faced, blue-eyed, and somewhat choleric, and deplores the current rumors about him. "I'm nobody's bright young man," he informed us. "I'm not even so very young. Thirty-seven this May, and that's an old man—in baseball, anyway." Considerable has been made of the fact that Fulton served as legal adviser to the new President in the days when Truman was chairman of the Senate committee investigating the wartime practices of big business. "After all, I have done other things besides work for Harry Truman," Fulton said to us.

Fulton was born and brought up near Toledo and went to the University of Michigan for his A.B. and his law degree. It may reveal something about his character to tell you that he earned his tuition by collecting overdue accounts for local merchants. "I was too shy to walk into anybody's house as a salesman," he explained. "But when they owed money and I was there to collect it, I figured I had just about as people love nothing better than getting together of an afternoon and opening up a vista. Some of these peo-

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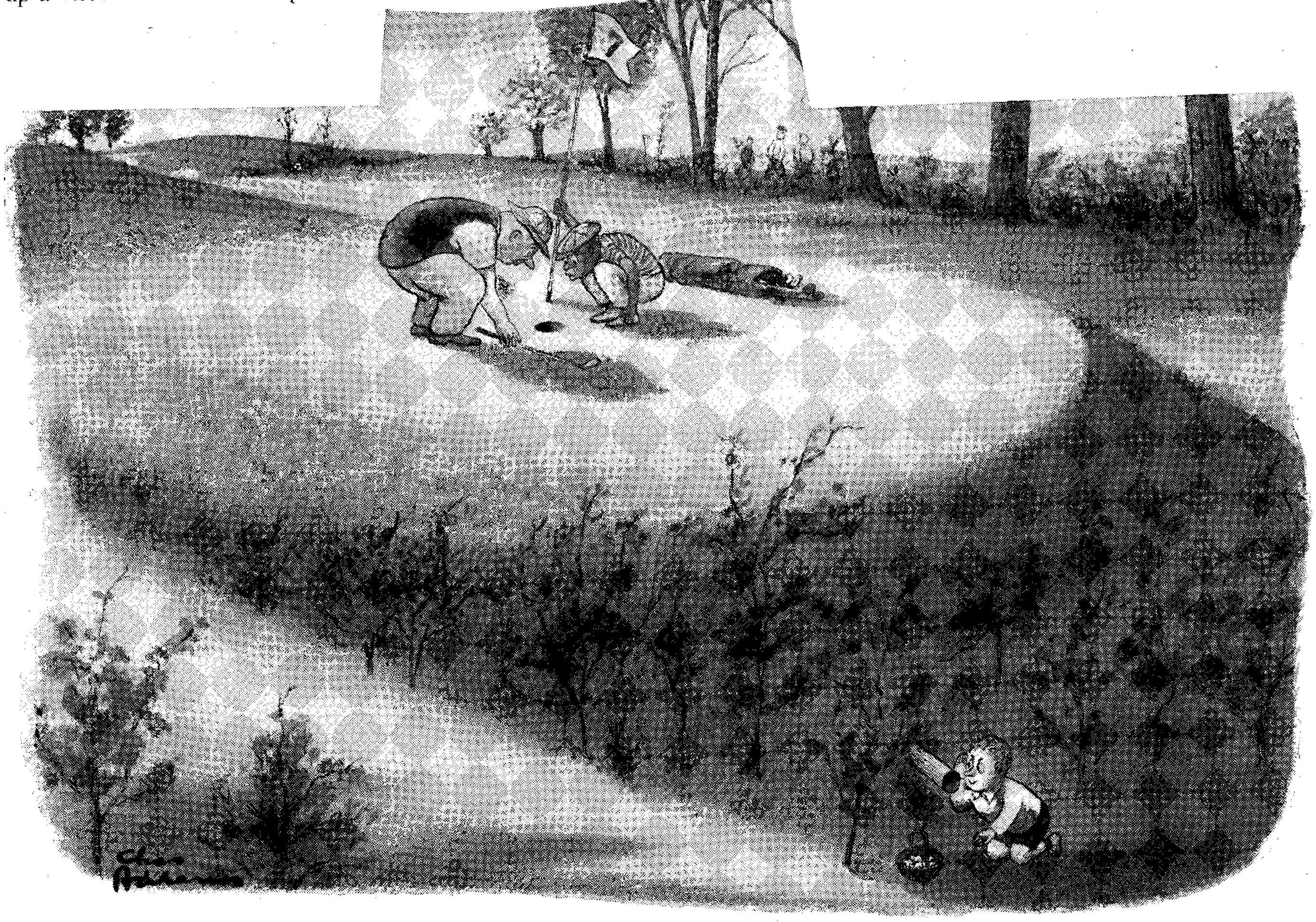
cate era, when editors depend more and more on the personal opinions and findings of special writers whom they never see. "Of course," the papers say to



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"The appointment's for life, you know," Fulton said, adding, with a massive shudder, "Imagine earning only ten thousand a year for the rest of your life."

When the Truman Committee was in the process of formation, Jackson sent Fulton to Truman. "I met Truman in his office at eight in the morning and left at eight-fifteen with everything settled," Fulton told us. For the next three years, the two met nearly every day for the same quarter-hour and hashed over the committee's legal problems and procedure. Truman can make up his mind about anything inside of thirty seconds, his counsel reports. Since returning to private practice, Fulton has seen very little of Truman. Not only that, but Truman's ascension has cost Fulton money. He has returned a couple of fees to clients for whom he did jobs that might seem, to the suspicious, to have been facilitated by his friendship with the President. Fulton has been receiving offers from radio networks, advertising men, and magazine editors, all of which he has brushed off. "I guarantee you'll never read anything by me on Harry Truman as I Knew Him, or My Pal Harry and Our Many Fine Talks Together," he said. Nor does he want to become known as a fixer. "Say you go around looking mystic and keep your name out of the phone book, and everybody gets to know you as the man who can fix things," he says. "Well, in the first place, you probably can't fix anything, and in the second place, even if you can, it's only temporary. Truman, the source, supposedly, of all your fine powers, stops being President after a while, and the first thing you know you've got to climb down from your perch and put your name back in the phone book and start all over again. *My* name has been in the phone book from the very first."

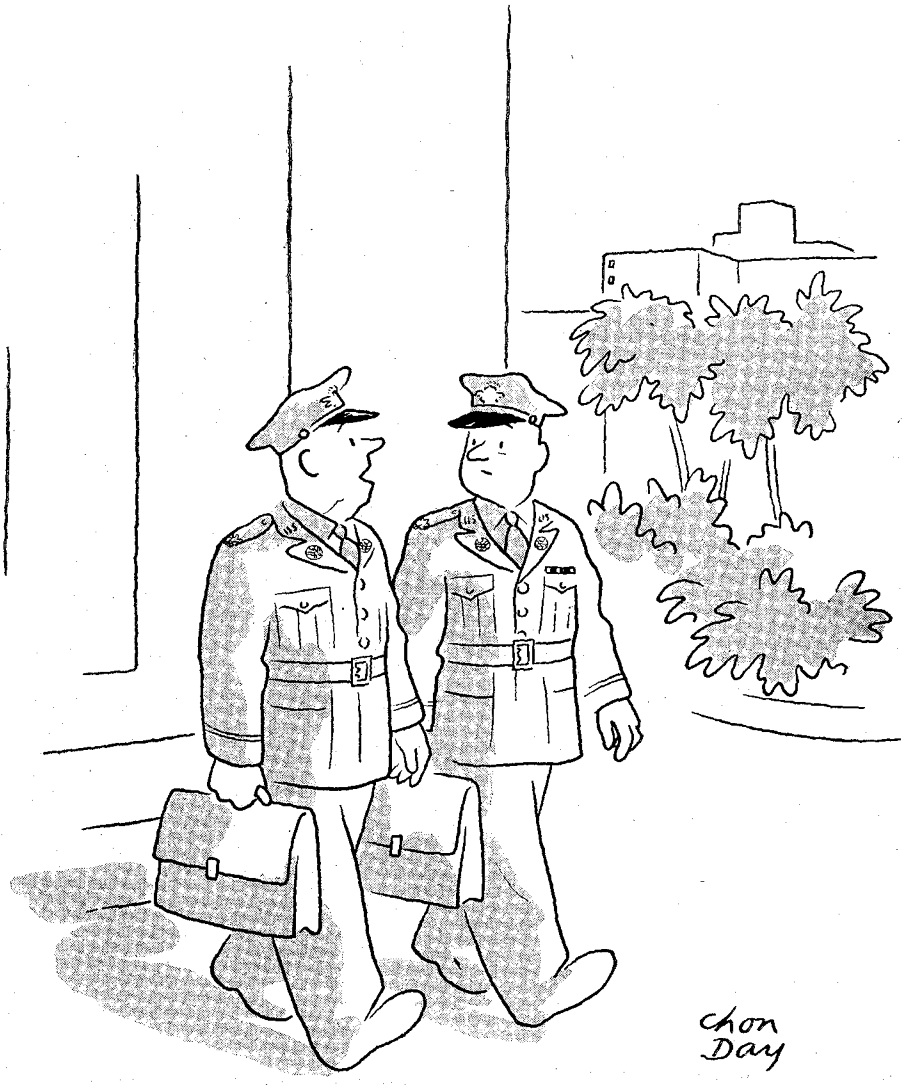
Bated

IN the course of a long taxi ride he had to make one day last week, a friend of ours became convinced that the driver was succumbing to the heat. Every time the cab had to stop for a red light, the fellow would collapse over the steering wheel with an alarming, noisy exhalation. Finally our friend asked if there was anything he could do. The driver remained silent until the next red light. "Paaaaaaaah," he then said, exhaling again. "I'm O.K. I'm an underwater swimming champ and the only way I can keep in condition is holding my breath between red lights." After that the fare held his breath too.

Winter's Coming

LAST Thursday we dropped around to the Fidelity Fireproof Warehouse, on West 117th Street, one of a dozen such places that are being used as depots for the sorting and handling of the clothing collected in the recent drive to help the people of Europe. A Mr. Berens, representing the United National Clothing Collection, took us in hand, first remarking, "Well, the drive's over and it *isn't* over. We'll be another four or five months putting this stuff together. It's just starting to come in from the other parts of the country." The drive aimed at a hundred and fifty million tons of clothing, and it's already certain that the final figure will be higher. New York City has contributed twelve million tons, the bulk of which came from upper Manhattan and Brooklyn. "The six-floor apartment buildings certainly gave us the goods," Berens said. "We had motor caravans go through certain sections, with loudspeaker cars announc-

and was hitching back toward the hospital.



"Colonel Jones was saying that the Japanese briefcase is superior to ours—better material, better workmanship."

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ing that a collection truck would be along soon. The clothes would come streaming out the windows—shoes, fur coats, suits, and a veritable rainfall of lingerie."

Mr. Berens turned us over to a warehouse employee named Mr. Edwards, who took us on a brief tour of the premises. "People sure are all sizes," Edwards remarked in rather an exhausted way. He added that they had started out sorting all clothing by size, sex, and description—sixty-four categories in all—but had whittled this down to twenty-five broader categories, such as Women's Wear—Size 15 and Over, Boys' Wear—Sizes 6-14, and the like. "Makes it quicker," he said. "Winter's coming." After this rough sorting, the clothes are compressed into hundred-pound bales—except for hats and shoes, which are put into boxes—and shipped to Europe as fast as available cargo space permits. This depot prepares about six hundred bales a day. Apparently nothing is discarded; we noticed one box labelled "Shoes—Mismates." "There's been a lot of talk about mildew," Edwards said, fixing us with an accusing eye. "*PM* and the *Post* were up here, though, and *they* couldn't find any mildew."

The advance publicity for the collection drive asked the public please for God's sake to be sensible; but you know the public. Somebody donated a shooting stick. (We saw it.) And two pairs of ice skates. There are about a thousand fur coats on hand. These will come in handy if the staff can figure out how to pack them. "We go through all the pockets of everything, just in case anything valuable may have been left," Edwards said, picking up a raccoon coat and fishing out a Harvard Club match book. A lot of uniforms have turned up, too—doormen's, ushers', and West Point, not to mention regular G.I. and Navy stuff. These are carefully stripped of identifying marks and insignia. The women's underwear offers a generous selection of whalebone corsets, and among the footwear are bathing shoes, ballet slippers, riding boots, and one pair of ladies' yellow button-top boots, size 3AAA. In with the women's things are such items as strapless evening gowns, bare-stomach bathing suits, satin housecoats, and marabou bedjackets, which it is hoped the European ladies will take in their stride. "We got a million tuxedos," Edwards said. "We *asked* people not to, but they gave them anyway. Not a million, maybe, but lots." It was while we were inspecting the hat collection, which included an Abe Lincoln stovepipe and a Pennsylvania Railroad conductor's cap, that Edwards whispered, "I'm telling you, I've learned more about people since I started this work than I ever did from the movies."

Physics

A FELLOW taking over a summer sublet realized, as he was moving in, that he had neglected to ask the agent what kind of electric current the place had. The janitor, a genial, dilapidated West Indian, said he didn't know but would find out. After a lengthy expedition to the basement, he returned with an explicit report: "Sar, we have Westinghouse current."

Bringing up Cholmondeley

AT eight-fifteen one morning last week we had breakfast in the Biltmore with Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin. At the table were John Cameron, of the British Ministry of Supply, who acts as a sort of chaperon to Sir Alexander, and two officials of a pharmaceutical house in Brooklyn, who were waiting to take Sir Alexander on an all-day, knock-down-and-drag-out tour of their plant. Knowing that Sir Alexander has been compared to Galileo and Newton, we felt self-conscious about sitting down beside him as he went to work on a saucer of sliced peaches, but, luckily for us, he is the spitting image of a football coach we had in high school, and this gave a certain matter-of-factness to our meeting. Sir Alexander is a small, thickset man with white hair, blue eyes, glasses, and plump, pink hands. Like most scientists and football coaches, he gives the impression of knowing exactly what he thinks about things.

He speaks with only a faint Scotch accent, but he struck us as being actively, even combatively, Scotch in manner. He took a long time to reply to questions, and made his answers so brief and noncommittal that they sometimes seemed full of wit. When we were introduced to him, he stared at us, sipped his coffee, hesitated, swallowed, and said incredulously, "What *do* you want of me?" We said, "Well, sir, for example, has the discovery of penicillin ruined your life?" Sir Alexander appeared to be working out a number of complicated equations in his head. At last, in a hoarse whisper, he said, "Nearly."

"How long are you going to stay in this country?"

"Some time yet."

"Don't you get tired of being rushed around from one plant to another, from one speech to another?"

A pause. "Yes." Then, as a waiter set a plate of scrambled eggs in front of him, he added, "Not everyone in England is a weakling, you know."

"Oh, no," we said, sidestepping an international incident. "No, you look fine. It's just that you're apparently getting roped into so much stuff—"

"Stuff?" Sir Alexander said. "Am I?" He glanced at Mr. Cameron and the two officials of the pharmaceutical house. In an accent which we feel safe in describing as thicker than haggis, Mr. Cameron said, "You don't have to wor-r-ry about Sir Alexander. We get to bed around two, get up at seven, and keep going all day. Doesn't bother him a bit." One of the drug men nodded. "Why, it'll take him all morning just to walk through our place," he said. "It's going to be a killer of a day." Sir Alexander said, "You see? But of course I have had amusements." He hesitated, breaking up what must have seemed an intolerably long flow of words. "In Detroit I attended a baseball game. Very pleasant."

We asked Sir Alexander how it happened that it took some ten years from the time he discovered penicillin for it to become an important factor in medicine. He told us that the delay was largely caused by the difficulty of producing it commercially. "The war has helped us there," he said, "in that the economic factor has been unimportant. Great advances have been made in quantity and cheapness of manufacture." He drew a breath. "Personally, I am less interested in its production than in its uses."

"Did you invent the word 'penicillin?' " we asked.

Sir Alexander nodded. "There was little enough to invent. The mold from which it comes is called penicillium."

"People over here had a lot of trouble at first in pronouncing the word," we said. "Do you think it's likely to get corrupted into something shorter and snappier?"

"I trust not," Sir Alexander said. "It's a good word. It won't be corrupted in England."

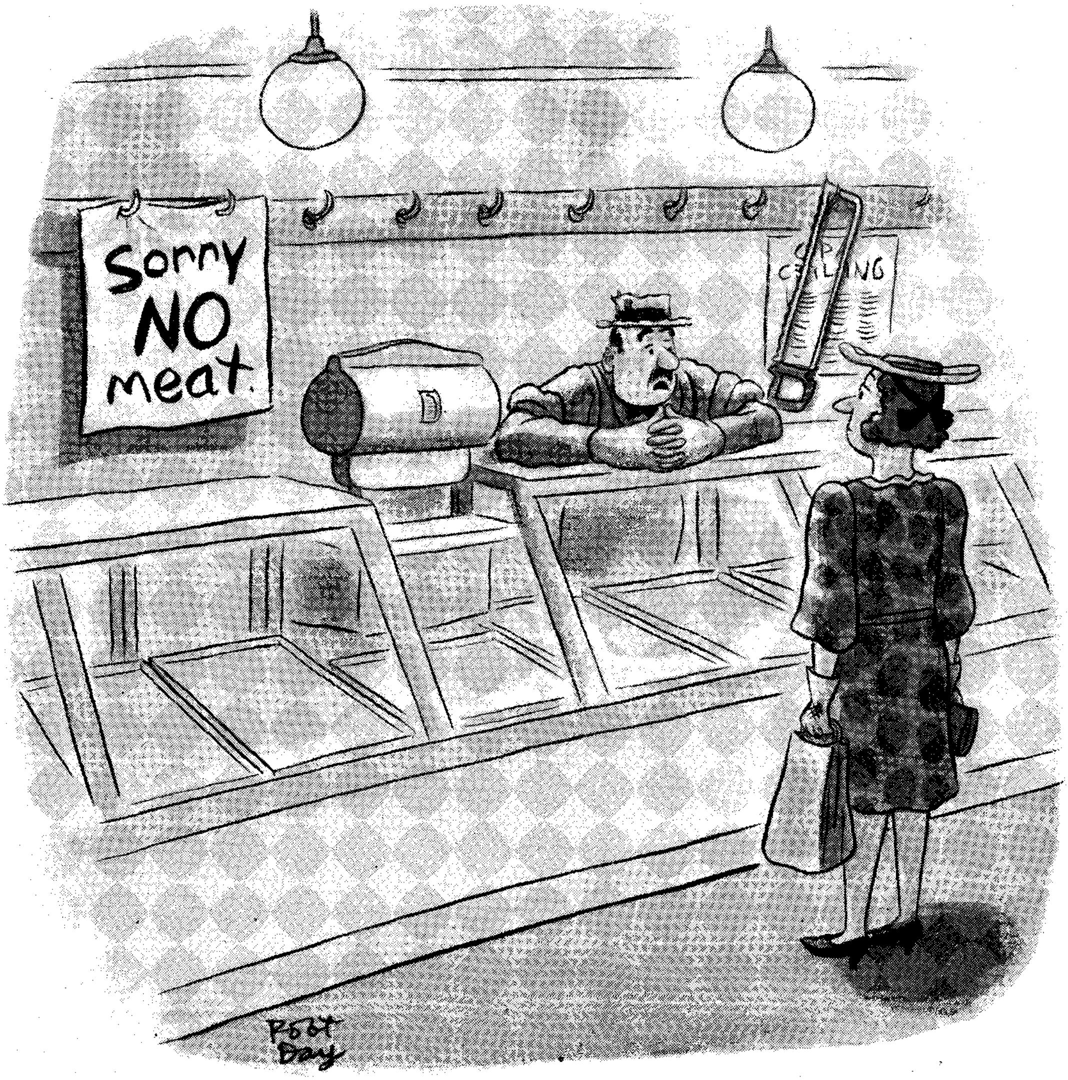
"What about the way people in England pronounce Cholmondeley 'Chumley'?" we demanded.

"You always bring up Cholmondeley in this country," Sir Alexander said. "That's a family name. A man can do what he likes to a family name. But penicillin is penicillin." He had evidently talked himself out. He turned to Cameron and said, "Well?"

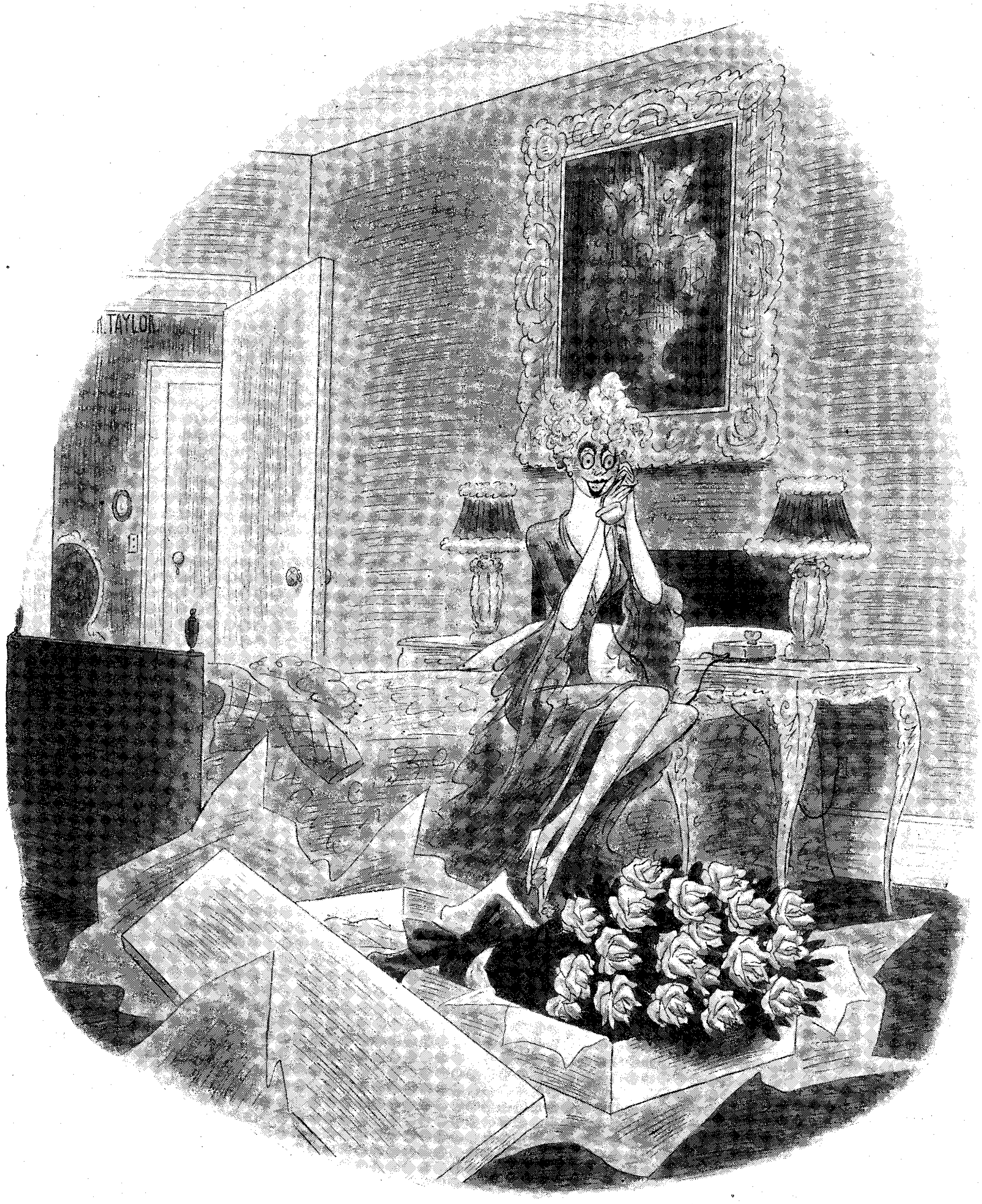
"Right," Cameron said, and we all got up. Sir Alexander led the way into the Biltmore lobby, a little, white-haired man ready for a killer of a day.

The Military Life

WE have reached the conclusion that the Army acted with wisdom when it reduced its age limit. What convinced us was a letter from a young friend who is finishing O.C.S. training. He told us about what he called one of the older men in his group, a gaffer past thirty, who collapsed quietly one day during a long march. Running over to him, the officer in charge demanded, "What's the matter with you?" The ancient fellow, sprawling on the ground, panted that he simply couldn't go any further, sir. "Well, don't just lay there," the officer barked. "Do pushups."



". . . and they tell us it's going to get worse."



"But, Mr. Schling, how old was he? Was he tall? Did he have a mustache? Was he in uniform? Was he sober?"

PARCEL OF LAND

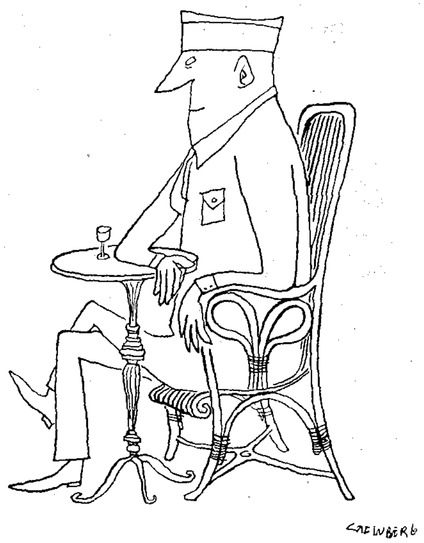
IT is always enlightening to learn that one's preconceptions of everyday transactions are completely erroneous. Take, for example, the purchase of a piece of real estate. For a number of years my husband and I and our family have spent our summers in the country, in a rented house which we recently decided to buy. Our landlord was willing to sell, he lived nearby, the price for the house and land had been agreed upon, and mine was the innocent fantasy that all there remained for me to do was to sign a document, hand over a check, and set up a smart little black sign bearing our name in gold letters at the entrance gate. But it turns out that this is not the way one goes about it. The house is a good fifty miles out on Long Island, so was the gentleman from whom I (my husband and I agreed that the purchase was to be in my name) was buying it, and so was I. Therefore the formal purchase had to be effected in Wall Street.

It was a shock to learn that property deeds, like divorce papers, have to be handled by lawyers. It was a continuation of the shock when my phone rang and a lady with a brisk voice informed me that she was the secretary to Mr. X., my real-estate lawyer (it was the first I knew I had one, my husband having started the ball rolling), and would I please be at Mr. X.'s office Wednesday morning at nine-thirty for the "closing"? I asked her politely if the appointment couldn't possibly be put off an hour, to which she replied politely that it couldn't possibly be. Apparently, deed signings, like operations, have to take place in the early morning. I stayed at our apartment in town Tuesday night, had a light dinner, and got to bed early, but some pals showed up from Chicago and took me out on what they laughingly called the town, and Wednesday morning, after a savage alarm clock had brought me back to reluctant consciousness, I lay for a space wondering miserably what good the property could be to me now, with the possible exception of that little plot in the pine grove.

By dint of considerable fortitude and black coffee, I trembled into some clothes, selecting the soberest in my wardrobe. It was raining, so I put on rubbers and took the only umbrella to be found in the hall closet—a large, cotton man's affair. These items, I hoped, helped to create an aspect of substantial respectability. Bravely I emerged, found my way to the nearest subway station, and managed to board a downtown train.

WALL STREET always frightens me, and lawyers' offices frighten me even more. When I enter them, I find myself wanting to say to the girl at the reception desk, "Please tell them I've come to make a complete confession." It was worse than usual this time because Mr. X., my newly acquired real-estate lawyer, was a member of one of those impressive firms with a name like Threadwell, Hayes, Plunkett, Farmer & Sinus, whose outer office was only a degree less imposing than the entrance vestibule of the White House. Panelled walls formed a cream-colored background for candelabra which might have come out of Mount Vernon, and there was a black marble floor on which I should have skidded sickeningly if it hadn't been for my rubbers.

The reception young lady, who operated an Early Colonial switchboard, inquired if she might do something for me. When I'm particularly overawed I'm apt to go nervously folksy, and I heard myself babbling something like how did she do and yes indeed she *could* help me—I'd bought a house, that is I hadn't quite bought it, because I had come in now to buy it, although the house itself was fifty miles out on Long Island. The young woman brought me to a merciful stop by saying she guessed I wanted to see Mr. X. and what was the name, please. After a little thought, I told her, and she plugged in Mr. X. and told him I was there. The effect of this information to Mr. X. was food for speculation, for after imparting it, the girl listened for several suspensive seconds, murmured a laconic "I see, sir," unplugged the connection, and, with a look which implied that she certainly knew all about me, asked if I'd be kind enough to wait. I said I'd be kind enough to, and pulled out one of six Sheraton chairs grouped around a polished table. It made a rasping noise and the girl turned to look.



The table was strewn with reading matter for the edification of waiting clients—the *Tribune*, some *Time* magazines, a *Life*, and the latest edition of *Fortune*, a publication which impresses me very much because I can't understand it. I didn't try to read, partly because I had left my glasses at home and partly because the way I was feeling I wasn't sure I still knew how to. I just sat still, except for one unfortunate moment when, in spite of all efforts to stifle it, I emitted a lone, loud hiccough. The young lady again turned. I turned, too, hoping to see someone behind me on whom I might throw the guilt. The only thing behind me was a steel engraving of Thomas Jefferson, and the sight made me sigh over the sorry depths to which American womanhood has sunk since the days of the lions. I continued to wait, and for a time everything was very hushed.

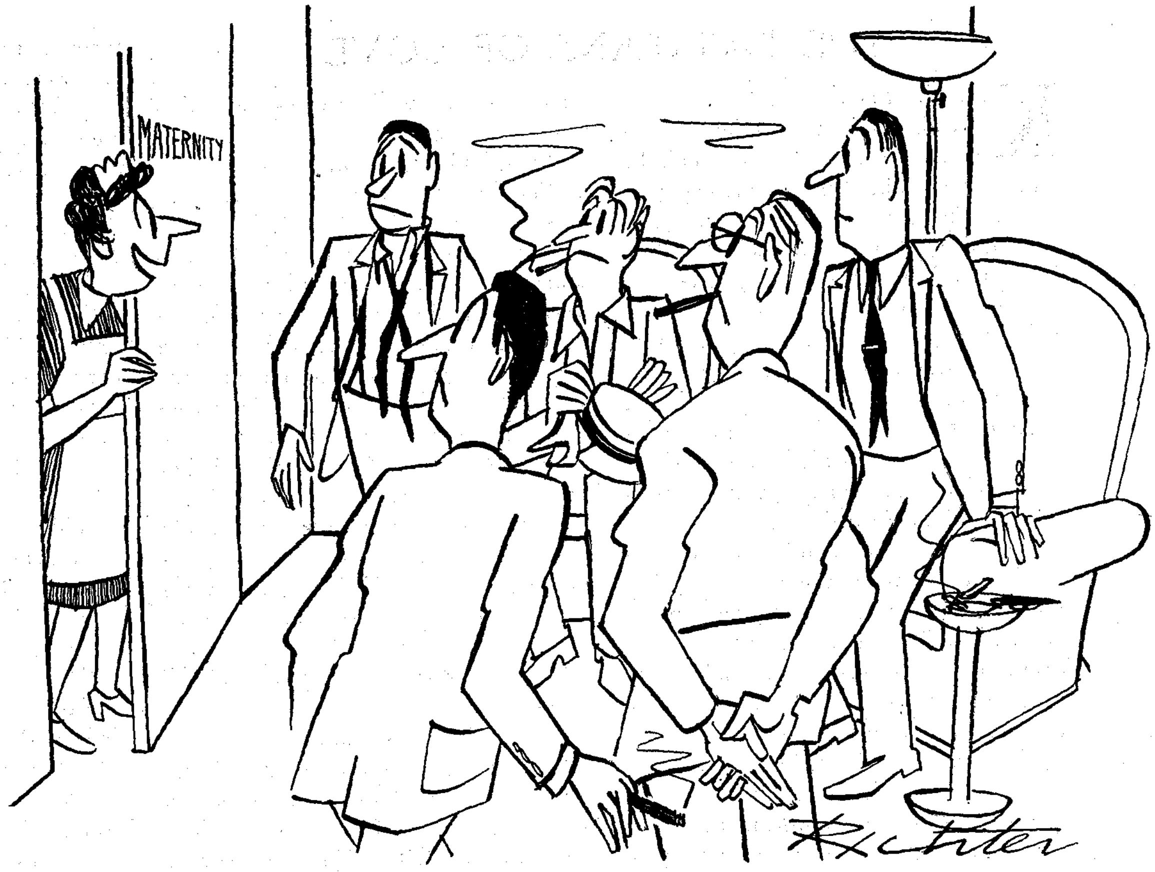
Then a distant door opened and two men advanced along a corridor, conversing in low tones on a subject which appeared to be not only secret but of grave import to the State. One of them, who wore a dark raincoat and carried a bowler, was obviously a Titan in the world of finance, and the cares of his position showed in the distinguished furrows on his strong face. The other, having neither hat nor raincoat, was obviously a member of the firm, and, as the two drew near, with a start of joy I recognized him as a close friend and neighbor whose sentiments for me I had hitherto fatuously believed to be those of admiration, not untinged with a certain amount of conservative prurience. Certain that he would be overjoyed to see me, I leapt to my overshod feet and rushed over to him with outstretched hand and said cheerily, "Hello, darling!" He looked at me blankly, while the captain of industry turned to him with an expression that clearly said, "Do you know this woman, or shall I ring for the guard?" For a moment I thought my friend was having his little joke, but I was reckoning in ignorance of the way of a lawyer in his lair. He paused for a considerable time before he allowed a cold glint of recognition to come into his eye, then gave me a stiff bow and the smile an elderly uncle manages to force when a small child has just slapped a mud pie on his white flannels, muttered a staid "How do you do?," and continued his ambulatory conference with his impressive client. I slunk back onto my Sheraton chair and opened *Fortune*. Before me was an article illustrated with graphs which looked to me like the fever chart of my own state of debility. I put *Fortune* down.

After a time, a bright-looking young man appeared and, with some hesitancy, asked if I were Mrs. Y. Apologetically, I said I was. He was quite a presentable young man, and I rather wanted to explain that this was a bit early in the morning for me and to please not think I always looked this way. I vaguely hoped he might be Mr. X., my real-estate lawyer, but he informed me that he was a Mr. Whitby and that he'd come to take me to Mr. X. Apparently Mr. Whitby was a sort of intern around the place. Trying bravely to rise above my rubbers and umbrella, I followed him down a corridor, up a palatial stairway, and along another corridor to the open door of Mr. X.'s office. Mr. X. was a distinguished-looking gentleman. He greeted me with a solemn "How do you do, Mrs. Y. I'm Mr. X.," and, not to be outdone in matters of legal etiquette, I answered, "How do you do, Mr. X. I'm Mrs. Y." With great courtesy he asked me to be seated, indicating a line of heavy chairs drawn up around the kind of massive table at which one imagines peace treaties are negotiated. I chose a place down at the end, in a position that was definitely below the salt. Mr. X.'s manner was so politely solemn that I wanted gently to remind him that I had come about buying the house, not reading the will, but before I could say anything, another gentleman entered, carrying a briefcase. He approached Mr. X. and, in a tone of deep bereavement, announced that he was Mr. Beddoes, attorney for the seller. This surprised me and quite hurt my feelings. Why should the seller, whom I regarded as an old and true friend, require an attorney? Didn't he trust me? Maybe he did, but it was obvious Mr. Beddoes didn't. After being formally introduced, he gave me a look of considerable doubt, gathered his briefcase to his bosom, and betook himself to the further end of the Dumbarton Oaks conference board.

Another gentleman with a briefcase walked in and informed Mr. X. that he was Mr. Fenner, closer for the title corporation. I had no idea what a closer was, but I gathered by Mr. Fenner's bearing that he must be mighty important. He bowed distantly to me and also took a seat at the far end of the table. Mr. Fenner was followed by Mr. Coogan, who said he was from the office of Henry Rafferty. I never did find out who Mr. Rafferty was. There then arrived a Mr. Davison, who said that he had come to acknowledge the mortgage. I hadn't realized there was to be a mortgage until Mr. Davison showed up to acknowledge it. The word has a sound of doom for me, and I had a premonitory picture of our little family being turned out of the old homestead on the eve of the final payment.

The seller, my landlord, then appeared, and it was somewhat cheering to note that the gentlemen at the far end of the table greeted him as they had me—politely, but definitely as a suspect. He modestly took the chair beside me, and for a time we exchanged shy snatches of conversation in the subdued manner of parishioners waiting for service to start.

A few further individuals made their appearances—some ladies who I gathered were secretaries, a little gray man whose identity was a mystery to the end, and an unhappy-looking office boy who handed Mr. X. a rolled-up something which looked like an enormous diploma. It proved to be the blueprint of the property that was to be mine, and Mr. X. opened it out on the table, asking if I would please verify it as being "a correct map of your intended parcel of land." I have never understood maps, and without my glasses I couldn't even make out the white lines, but I rose and leaned over the blueprint, carefully scrutinizing, trying my best to look like General MacArthur planning a campaign. Mr. X. nodded to one of the secretaries, who started reading off a quaint and completely incomprehensible description of the boundaries of the place. Instead of "left by the Jones' cornfield," which is what I would have said, she rattled off a lot of stuff about north so many degrees so many seconds, which struck me as peculiar. What struck me as not only



"Any of you gentlemen remember the word for four babies at one time?"

peculiar but definitely depressing was the list of landmarks they had picked out to define my boundaries: "Southeast by three decayed trees," and "West around stagnant swamp," and even "Due north past large manure pile." My neighbor, the seller, shifted his feet uneasily. I began to wonder if I weren't buying a tract of land on Riker's Island.

Then began an extended period of signing things. Mr. Beddoes produced a document to which, he explained, reading from a lesser document, "forty-four dollars in revenue stamps must be affixed and cancelled upon acceptance of the deed and payment therefor." Mr. Fenner, after examining the first document with an air of mixed respect and suspicion, passed it on to Mr. X., who announced it to be in order and handed it on to me, asking me please to read it and sign it. Even if I had had my glasses, it is doubtful if I would have been able to read, much less understand, it. Shyly I asked what it was. In shocked astonishment, Mr. X. said "The deed," and I said "Oh, the deed," and signed. As I did so, someone—I think it was Mr. Coogan—said, and it's all I remember him saying ever, "The deed contains no covenants except the one required by the lien law," to which I murmured that that was indeed comforting, as I certainly didn't want any covenants. The deed was followed by the statement of closing figures and adjustments, which had to do with a village tax and a town tax. Wondering why there should be both, I asked if the elders of our country hamlet hadn't made up their minds yet whether we were a town or a village. I guess Mr. X. didn't know, because all he said was "If you'd just sign here, please—" He then handed me two documents which he said were affidavits in regard to my citizenship. Not without some slight indignation, I asked if there were anything wrong with my citizenship, and Mr. X, with an indulgent smile, explained, "One is to induce the title company to issue a policy to insure your title fee, and the other is to induce the title company to insure the mortgage." Expressing the hope that the title company would prove to be easily induced, I signed both papers. As I did, I heard someone say that something—I didn't get just what—was in escrow. Now, "in escrow" is a phrase which for years I've been intending to take a day off and look up; it always gives me a mental picture of some kind of deep-freeze apparatus in the nethermost subbasement of a bank. Everybody seemed relieved that, wherever it is, the property was in it, and I felt relieved too, somehow.

I was next asked to make out a certain number of checks, not in payment for the house but for such interesting items as appraisal fees, a credit report, and tax accrual. Then there was Mr. Coogan to be taken care of. He had turned out to be a very pleasant gentleman but seemed hardly to have contributed fifty dollars' worth to the occasion. These items disposed of, Mr. Fenner, in a nervous voice, asked the seller if he was ready to surrender the lease (which is what my husband and I had had on the property all along). The seller said he was, and did, and that last bit of drama closed the closing. Mr. X smiled like a minister who has just tied the knot and informed me that I now owned the house and land. At what moment during the formalities they came into my possession, I shall never know. Everybody shook hands with everybody but me, and I hastened to the Pennsylvania Station. I wanted to see my land. I was afraid it had grown into the Louisiana Purchase.

A local took me back to our little station, and when I got out I hailed Mr. Moore, our town's taximan, and started for my property with palpitating heart. I was almost afraid to look as we turned in at the gate, but I needn't have been. The house wasn't Chenonceaux and the land looked just the same. The hole in the road still needed filling in and the top hinge of the screen door was still conspicuously broken. I turned to Mr. Moore and said, "Thanks for driving me home."

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Under Cover," by John Roy Carlson*]

While Japan and its Axis partner stabbed at us from without, Stahrenberg and Klapprott, Moran and their gangsters were going to stab us in the back from within.

THE PATTERNS OF LOVE

Kate Talbot's bantam rooster, awakened by the sudden appearance of the moon from behind a cloud on a white June night, began to crow. There were three bantams—a cock and two hens—and their roost was in a tree just outside the guest-room windows. The guest room was on the first floor and the Talbots' guest that weekend was a young man by the name of Arnold, a rather light sleeper. He got up and closed the windows and went back to bed. In the sealed room he slept, but was awakened at frequent intervals until daylight Saturday morning.

Arnold had been coming to the Talbots' place in Wilton sometime during the spring or early summer for a number of years. His visits were, for the children, one of a thousand seasonal events that could be counted on, less exciting than the appearance of the first robin or the arrival of violets in the marsh at the foot of the Talbots' hill but akin to them. Sometimes Duncan, the Talbots' older boy, who for a long time was under the impression that Arnold came to see *him*, slept in the guest room when Arnold was there. Last year, George, Duncan's younger brother, had been given that privilege. This time, Mrs. Talbot, knowing how talkative the boys were when they awoke in the morning, had left Arnold to himself.

When he came out of his room, Mrs. Talbot and George, the apple of her eye, were still at breakfast. George was six, small and delicate and very blond, not really interested in food at any time, and certainly not now, when there was a guest in the house. He was in his pajamas and a pink quilted bathrobe. He smiled at Arnold with his large and very gentle eyes and said, "Did you miss me?"

"Yes, of course," Arnold said. "I woke up and there was the other bed, flat and empty. Nobody to talk to while I looked at the ceiling. Nobody to watch me shave."

George was very pleased that his absence had been felt. "What is your favorite color?" he asked.

"Red," Arnold said, without having to consider.

"Mine, too," George said, and his face became so illuminated with pleasure at this coincidence that for a moment he looked angelic.

"No matter how much we disagree about other things," Arnold said, "we'll always have that in common, won't we?"

"Yes," George said.

"You'd both better eat your cereal," Mrs. Talbot said.

Arnold looked at her while she was pouring his coffee and wondered if there wasn't something back of her remark—jealousy, perhaps. Mrs. Talbot was a very soft-hearted woman, but for some reason she seemed to be ashamed—or perhaps afraid—to let other people know it. She took refuge continually behind a dry humor. There was probably very little likelihood that George would be as fond of anyone else as he was of his mother, Arnold decided, for many years to come. There was no real reason for her to be jealous.

"Did the bantams keep you awake?" she asked.

Arnold shook his head.

"Something tells me you're lying," Mrs. Talbot said. "John didn't wake up, but he felt his responsibilities as a host even so. He cried 'Oh!' in his sleep every time a bantam crowed. You'll have to put up with them on Kate's account. She loves them more than her life."

Excluded from the conversation of the grownups, George finished his cereal and ate part of a soft-boiled egg. Then he asked to be excused and, with pillows and pads which had been brought in from the garden furniture the night before, he made a train right across the dining-room floor. The cook had to step over it when she brought a fresh pot of coffee, and Mrs. Talbot and Arnold had to do likewise when they went out through the dining-room door to look at the bantams. There were only two—the cock and one hen—walking around under the Japanese cherry tree on the terrace. Kate was leaning out of an upstairs window, watching them fondly.

"Have you made your bed?" Mrs. Talbot asked.

The head withdrew.

"Kate is going to a houseparty," Mrs. Talbot said, looking at the bantams. "A sort of houseparty. She's going to stay all night at Mary Sherman's house and there are going to be some boys and they're going to dance to the victrola."

"How old is she, for heaven's sake?" Arnold asked.

"Thirteen," Mrs. Talbot said. "She had her hair cut yesterday and it's too short. It doesn't look right, so I have to do something about it."

"White of egg?" Arnold asked.

"How did you know that?" Mrs. Talbot asked in surprise.

"I remembered it from the last time," Arnold said. "I remembered it because it sounded so drastic."

"It only works with blonds," Mrs. Talbot said. "Will you be able to entertain yourself for a while?"

"Easily," Arnold said. "I saw 'Anna Karenina' in the library and I think I'll take that and go up to the little house."

"Maybe I'd better come with you," Mrs. Talbot said.

The little house was a one-room studio halfway up the hill, about a hundred feet from the big house, with casement windows on two sides and a Franklin stove. It had been built several years before, after Mrs. Talbot had read "A Room of One's Own," and by now it had a slightly musty odor which included lingering traces of wood smoke.

"Hear the wood thrush?" Arnold asked, as Mrs. Talbot threw open the windows for him. They both listened.

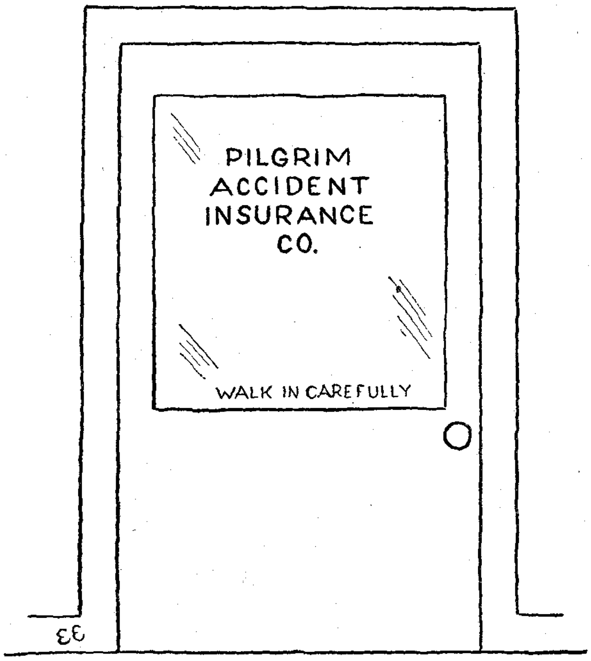
"No," she said. "All birds sound alike to me."

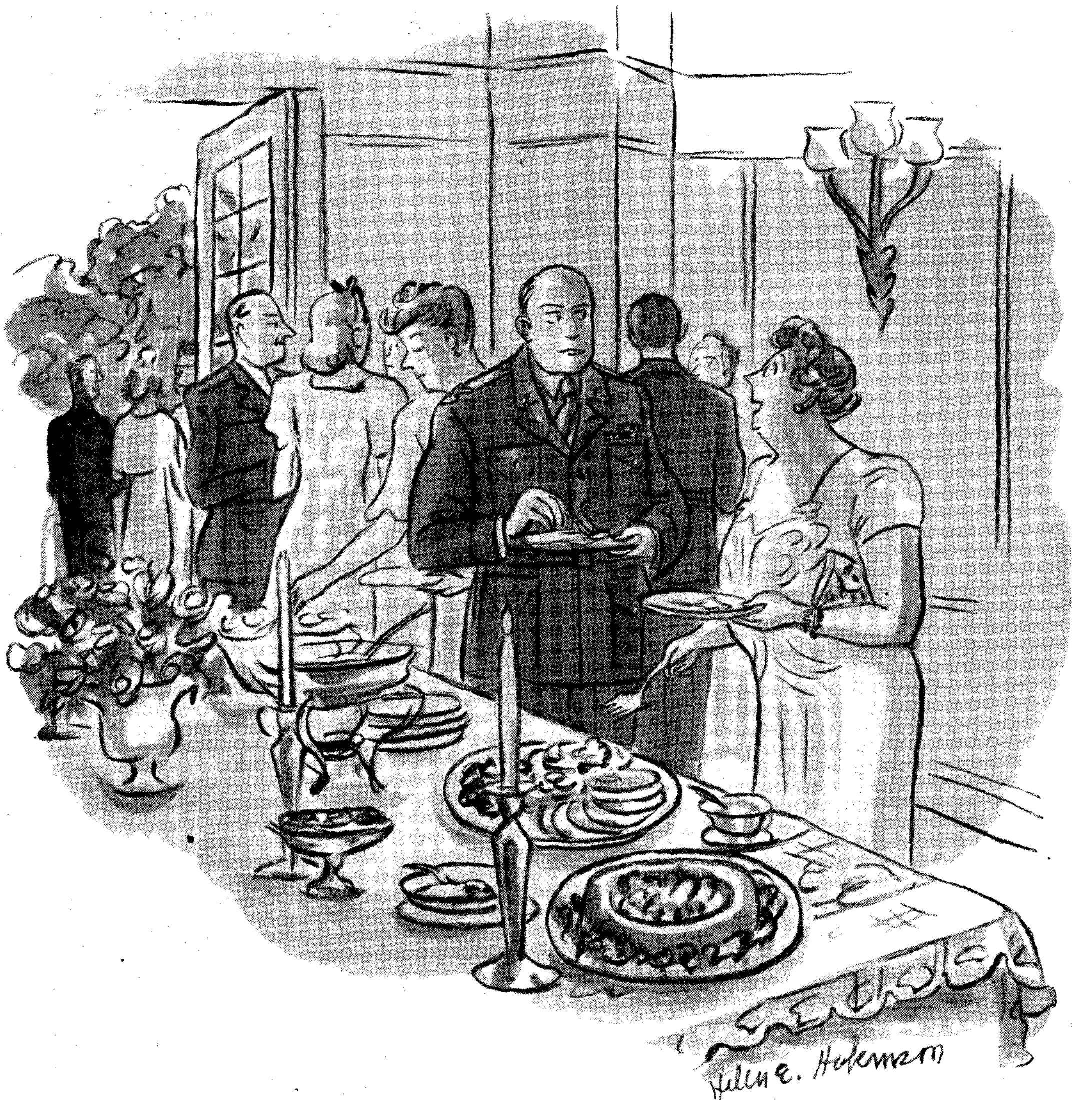
"Listen," he said.

This time there was no mistaking it—the liquid notes up and then down the same scale.

"Oh, that," she said. "Yes, I love that," and went off to wash Kate's hair.

From time to time Arnold raised his head from the book he was reading and heard not only the wood thrush but also Duncan and George, quarrelling in the meadow. George's





"There's something I want to ask you, Colonel. Would the Army like to know how to make Spam interesting?"

voice was shrill and unhappy and sounded as if he were on the verge of tears. Both boys appeared at the window eventually and asked for permission to come in. The little house was out of bounds to them. Arnold nodded. Duncan, who was nine, crawled in without much difficulty, but George had to be hoisted. No sooner were they inside than they began to fight over a wooden gun which had been broken and mended and was rightly George's, it seemed, though Duncan had it and refused to give it up. He refused to give it up one moment, and the next moment, after a sudden change of heart, pressed it upon George—*forced* George to take it, actually, for by that time George was more concerned about the Talbots' dog, who also wanted to come in.

The dog was a Great Dane, very mild but also very enormous. He answered to the name of Satan. Once Satan was admitted to the little house, it became quite full and rather noisy, but John Talbot appeared and sent the dog out and made the children leave Arnold in peace. They left as they had come, by the window. Arnold watched them and was touched by the way Duncan turned and helped George, who was too small to jump. Also by the way George accepted this help. It was as if their hostility had two faces and one of them was the face of love. Cain and Abel, Arnold thought, and the wood thrush. All immortal.

John Talbot lingered outside the little house. Something had been burrowing in the lily-of-the-valley bed, he said, and had also uprooted several lady slippers. Arnold suggested that it might be moles.

"More likely a rat," John Talbot said, and his eyes wandered to a two-foot espaliered pear tree. "That pear tree," he said, "we put in over a year ago."

Mrs. Talbot joined them. She had shampooed not only Kate's hair but her own as well.

"It's still alive," John Talbot said, staring at the pear tree, "but it doesn't put out any leaves."

"I should think it would be a shock to a pear tree to be espaliered," Mrs. Talbot said. "Kate's ready to go."

They all piled into the station wagon and took Kate to her party. Her too-short blond hair looked quite satisfactory after the egg shampoo, and Mrs. Talbot had made a boutonnière out of a pink geranium and some little blue and white flowers for Kate to wear on her coat. She got out of the car with her suitcase and waved at them from the front steps of the house.

"I hope she has a good time," John Talbot said uneasily as he shifted gears. "It's her first dance with boys. It would be terrible if she didn't have any partners." In his eyes there was a vague threat toward the boys who, in their young callowness, might not appreciate his daughter.

"Kate always has a good time," Mrs. Talbot said. "By the way, have you seen both of the bantam hens today?"

"No," John Talbot said.

"One of them is missing," Mrs. Talbot said.

ONE of the things that impressed Arnold whenever he stayed with the Talbots was the number and variety of animals they had. Their place was not a farm, after all, but merely a big white brick house in the country, and yet they usually had a dog and a cat, kittens, rabbits, and chickens, all actively involved in the family life. This summer the Talbots weren't able to go in and out by the front door, because a phoebe had built a nest in the porch light. They used the dining-room door instead, and were careful not to leave the porch light on more than a minute or two, lest the eggs be cooked. Arnold came upon some turtle food in his room, and when he asked about it, Mrs. Talbot informed him that there were turtles

THE GLEN—IN RETROSPECT

The hottest day of summer was the day
We always chose to picnic in the glen.
When the lake, fringed with lifeless foliage, lay
Sagging beneath the burden of the sun,
We'd pack a lunch and lock the cottage doors,
Follow the tunnelled short cut in the grove,
Angle the pasture, scramble through the bars,
And scuffle dust clouds in a chattering drove
Until, at last, over a rise we saw
Our Beulah Land. Then, whooping down the hill
Into its shade, we suddenly were still,
Held spellbound by a momentary awe,
That water-freshened dimness, to our drouth
Like a cool, hushing hand across the mouth.

All of a canyon's wealth was in that crack
In minuscule—a thread of waterfall
Like milkweed floss; the rock-ledged puddle, black
And fathomless for inches; two feet tall
Rose polished cliffs; a pygmy torrent tore
Between them to the shallows, ceaselessly
Tossing its mane, with such a silken roar
As that in which a shell repeats the sea.
The crumbling banks were forested with fern;
Saplings ascended, monarchs in that wood,
Meshed overhead, till we could just discern
Scraps of a sultry sky. We drank the good
Sweet smell of pine and leaf mold, laced with spray,
And wonder splintered into watery play.

Then what immersions, what mad risk of bones,
What daft, audacious leaping over chasms!
What mossy mishaps on the steppingstones!
What splashings after minnows! And what spasms,
What gales of glee, when Mother, greatly daring,
Stripped off her long black stockings where she stood,
Pinned back the petticoats that she was wearing,
And dipped her toes demurely in the flood!
Too hoarse at last for speech, too worn to wade,
Too waterlogged to trust our liquid legs,
We hauled the bulging baskets from the shade,
Doled out the pickles and the hardboiled eggs,
Sprawled limp as lizards on the clammy slate,
And ate and ate and ate and ate and ate.

Never from Eden turned more listlessly
The primal exiles than that homing band,
Our ravished hampers bumping at the knee,
The cardinalis wilting in the hand,
Voices all levelled to an insect drone,
Too drowned and dazed with blissful memory yet
To note an eyelid closing on the sun
Or catch the mutter of a muffled threat.
Black menace glittered on an angry lake
As one by one we straggled to the shore.
We lived again, feeling the first drops break.
Then heaven opened with a flashing roar,
And worlds of wind and water washed away
The residue of summer's hottest day.

—Carolyn Wilson Link

• •

in the guest room, too. He never came upon the turtles.

The bantams were new this year, and so were the two very small ducklings that at night were put in a paper carton in the sewing room, with an electric-light bulb to keep them warm. In the daytime they hopped in and out of a saucer of milk on the terrace. One of them was called Mr. Rochester because of his distinguished air. The other had no name.

All the while that Mrs. Talbot was making conversation with Arnold, after lunch, she kept her eyes on the dog, who, she explained, was jealous of the ducklings. Once his great head swooped down and he pretended to take a nip at them. A nip would have been enough. Mrs. Talbot spoke to him sharply and he turned his head away in shame.

"They probably smell the way George did when he first came home from the hospital," she said.

"What did George smell like?" Arnold asked.

"Sweetish, actually. Actually awful."

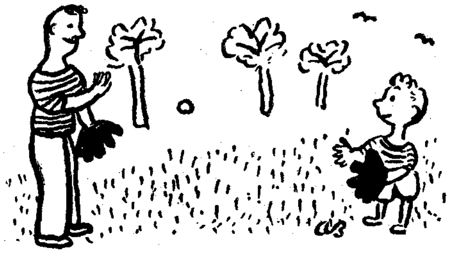
"Was Satan jealous of George when he was a baby?"

"Frightfully," Mrs. Talbot said. "Call Satan!" she shouted to her husband, who was up by the little house. He had found a rat hole near the ravaged lady slippers and was setting a trap. He called the dog, and the dog went bounding off, devotion in every leap.

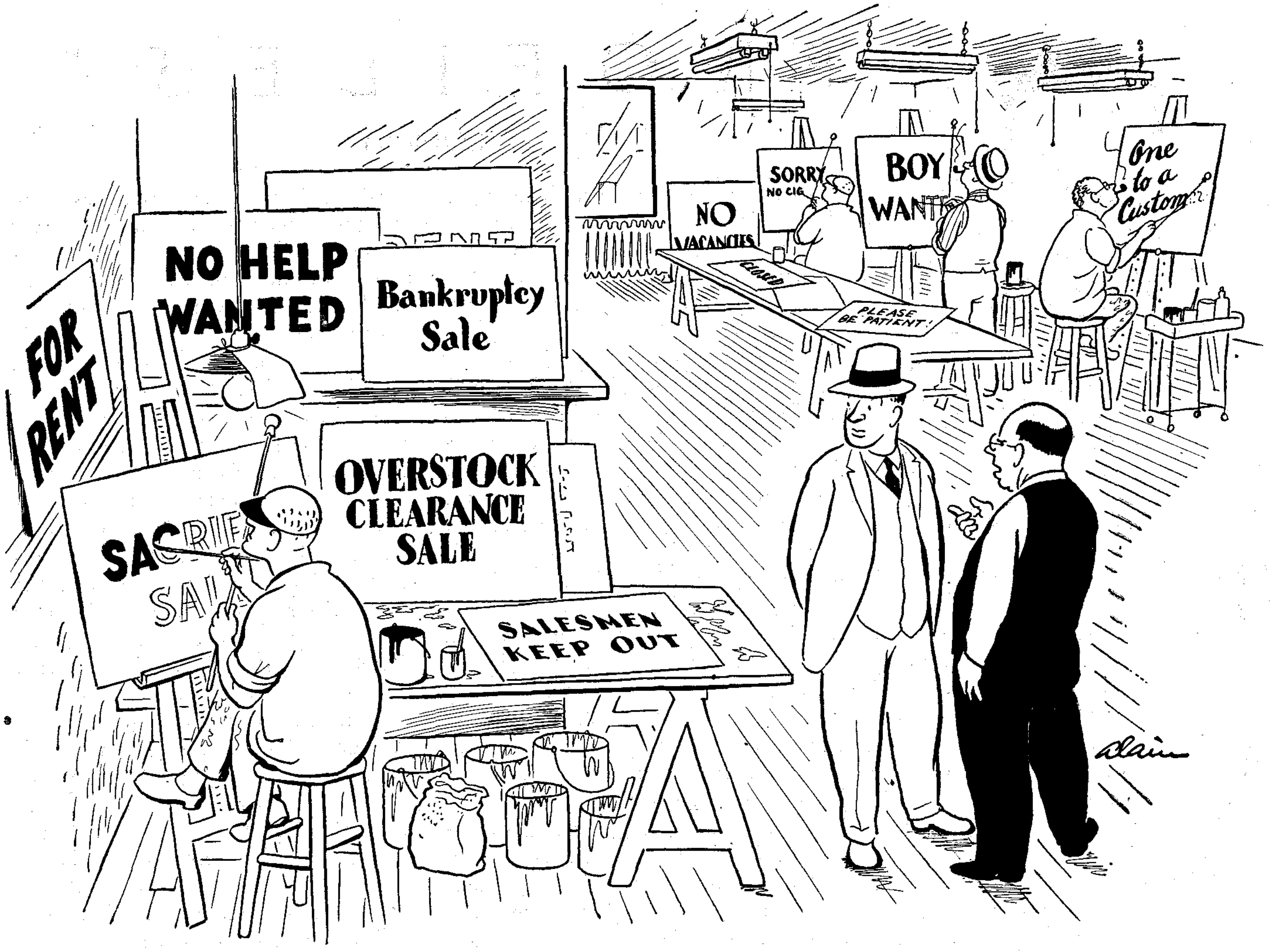
While Mrs. Talbot was telling Arnold how they found Satan at the baby's crib one night, Duncan, who was playing only a few yards away with George, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, made his younger brother cry. Mrs. Talbot got up and separated them.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't time for your nap, George," she said, but he was not willing to let go of even a small part of the day. He wiped his tears away with his fist and ran from her. She ran after him, laughing, and caught him at the foot of the terrace.

Duncan wandered off into a solitary world of his own, and Arnold, after yawning twice, got up and went into the house. Stretched out on the bed in his room, with the Venetian blinds closed, he began to compare the life of the Talbots with his own well-ordered but childless and animalless life in town. Everywhere they go, he thought, they leave tracks behind them, like people walking in the snow. Paths crisscrossing, lines that are perpetually meeting: the mother's loving pursuit of her youngest, the man's love for his daughter, the dog's love for the man, the two boys' preoccupation with each other. Wheels and diagrams, Arnold said to himself. *The patterns of love.*



THAT night Arnold was much less bothered by the crowing, which came to him dimly, through dreams. When he awoke finally and was fully awake, he was conscious of the silence and the sun shining in his eyes. His watch had stopped and it was later than he thought. The Talbots had finished breakfast and the Sunday *Times* was waiting beside his place at the table. While he was eating, John Talbot came in and sat down for a minute, across the table. He had been out early that morning, he said, and had found a chipmunk in the rat trap and also a nest with three



"On this side, we're starting on our postwar program."

bantam eggs in it. The eggs were cold.

He was usually a very quiet, self-contained man. This was the first time Arnold had ever seen him disturbed about anything. "I don't know how we're going to tell Kate," he said. "She'll be very upset."

Kate came home sooner than they expected her, on the bus. She came up the driveway, lugging her suitcase.

"Did you have a good time?" Mrs. Talbot called to her from the terrace.

"Yes," she said, "I had a beautiful time."

Arnold looked at the two boys, expecting them to blurt out the tragedy as soon as Kate put down her suitcase, but they didn't. It was her father who told her, in such a roundabout way that she didn't seem to understand at all what he was saying. Mrs. Talbot interrupted him with the flat facts; the bantam hen was not on her nest and therefore, in all probability, had been killed, maybe by the rat.

Kate went into the house. The others remained on the terrace. The dog didn't snap at the ducklings, though his mind was on them still, and the two boys didn't quarrel. In spite of the patterns on which they seem so intent, Arnold thought, what happens to one of them happens to all. They are helplessly involved in Kate's loss.

At noon other guests arrived, two families with children. There was a picnic, with hot dogs and bowls of salad, cake, and wine, out under the grape arbor. When the guests departed, toward the end of the afternoon, the family came together again on the terrace. Kate was lying on the ground, on her stomach, with her face resting on her arms, her head practically in the ducklings' saucer of milk. Mrs. Talbot, who had stretched out on the garden chaise longue, discovered suddenly that Mr. Rochester was missing. She sat up in alarm and cried, "Where is he?"

"Down my neck," Kate said.

The duck emerged from her crossed arms. He crawled around them and climbed up on the back of her neck. Kate smiled. The sight of the duck's tiny downy head among her pale ash-blond curls made them all burst out laughing. The cloud that had been hanging over the household evaporated into bright sunshine, and Arnold seized that moment to glance surreptitiously at his watch.

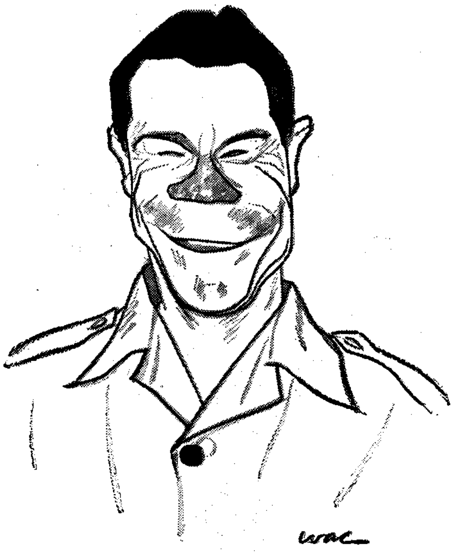
They all went to the train with him, including the dog. At the last moment Mrs. Talbot, out of a sudden perception of his lonely life, tried to give him some radishes, but he refused them. When he stepped out of the car at the station, the boys were arguing and were with difficulty persuaded to say goodbye to him. He watched the station wagon drive away and then stood listening for the sound of the wood thrush. But, of course, in the center of South Norwalk there was no such sound.

—William Maxwell

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Rosendale (N.Y.) News]

Paul M—— leaves for the U.S. Army Wednesday May 9th. Good



PROFILES

COMEDY

THE career of Joe E. Brown, one of the two or three most-travelled war-zone entertainers, was based on a mistake—a mistake made by Billy Ash, a veteran circus acrobat and head of the Five Marvellous Ashtons. Ash's error was thinking that in Joe he had discovered a boy who had no sense of pain. As Captain Ahab combed the seven seas for a white whale, Ash had been searching the continent for a boy who had no sense of pain. Ash believed he could make a great star out of any boy who didn't know when he was hurt. Every year he picked new boys and trained them to become Marvellous Ashtons. He judged boys entirely on their ability to absorb punishment. He didn't care whether they were bright, dull, quick, or slow; the only distinction a boy could have was that of being a good sufferer. Ash had become almost convinced that the ideal boy—one totally insensible to misery—didn't exist. But in 1901 he stumbled on nine-year-old Joe E. Brown and got the idea that either Joe was born without a sense of pain or his system generated some sort of pain-killing chemical. Ash made a star out of Joe. He was mistaken, however, in thinking Joe lacked a sense of pain. All that Joe lacked was articulateness.

Ash wintered every year in Toledo, where Joe lived. Most of the boys in Joe's part of town started learning acrobatics at the age of seven or eight, in the hope of becoming Marvellous Ashtons. Joe, a backward youngster, was nine before he got the prevailing ambition. He began by secretly practicing the back handspring on a sofa. Finally he considered himself ready to make his début as a tumbler on the cinder track at school. Joe overlooked one important fact—the cinder track had no springs. It did not "give" the way the sofa did. Instead of doing a back handspring, Joe landed on his head in the cinders. The reasoning power was jarred out of him. He couldn't understand what had gone wrong with the trick, and he threw himself over backward again with equally bad results. Other boys jeered and whistled. Joe kept at it. He hurled his head at the cinders until he was lacerated and gory. Anger and bewilderment prevented him from noticing the pain. Shouts of laughter attracted the attention of Billy Ash, who frequently visited the school grounds to do a little scouting. After watching the boy butting the earth with his skull awhile, the circus acrobat stopped him and said, "Come round to the gym after school."

Ash was disappointed at first. Joe was not the ideal wooden boy. He turned human when the pain was severe enough. But Ash finally decided that Joe was just about right; he took the hard knocks of training without a murmur and yet reacted smartly to a cudgelling. Joe had to utilize his talent for martyrdom on his first afternoon at the gym. Ash had a mannerism of clashing a boy's ankles together as if they were cymbals the moment after catching him or before throwing him to another member of the troupe. The veteran did everything with clockwork precision, and slamming the ankles together helped his timing like the beat of a metronome. At the end of the first couple of hours of practice, Joe's ankles were swollen double. In a gym suit today, Joe looks like a gamecock. Spurs of bone stick out from his ankles where they were clapped together thousands of times to punctuate Ash's rhythm.

Joe practiced after school from January to April that year. Then, as one of the Five Marvellous Ashtons, he made his début with the Sells-Downs circus on its arrival at Toledo. He was drunk with glory when he first ran into the arena, and he has been slightly circus-intoxicated ever since. His pain-resisting gift was severely tried two weeks after his first public appearance. As a result of being only half-trained, he broke his jaw by hitting it against his knee in a forty-foot fall into a net. The circus bone-setter strapped up the jaw and Ash advised Joe to forget it. The boy lived on soup and milk for nine weeks, but he never missed a performance.

Ash regarded the younger Marvellous Ashtons as his sons. There was a considerable turnover among his heirs, but his illusion of parenthood never wavered. The billboards said the Ashtons were one family, and that settled it. Joe learned about this point of view shortly after his jaw had knitted. "Is Ash your father?" somebody asked. "No," said Joe. Ash corrected Joe severely for uncircuslike behavior.

Ash was a strict father, and ambitious for his children. He punished them and required hours of extra practice for anything less than perfection in their work. Any mistake caused him to strike instantly with whatever was handy. It was his theory of education; he felt that a mistake took root unless instantly blotted out by suffering. He instructed Joe over the head and admonished him across the shoulders. He once broke an educational broom handle on the boy's shins. He laid it on heavily because of his fixed belief that Joe didn't appreciate ordinary pain. Only once was pain too much for Joe. Both his ankles had been sprained. When he tried to walk, his suffering was unendurable. "I'll fix you up," said Ash. He soaked the ankles in chloroform liniment and bandaged them tightly. "You'll soon hardly notice those sprains," he said. He was right. The liniment burns made the sprained ankles a comparative pleasure.

It took Joe many years to realize that Ash had given him a million-dollar face. The most noticeable characteristic of his countenance in repose is a desperate attentiveness. It has the dramatic quality that appears in the face of a defendant when he listens for the verdict from the foreman of the jury. Joe's look of frantic concentration is the result of having to catch Ash's ideas instantly or take a clubbing. Another characteristic of Joe's countenance is woodenness, which he cultivated in order that no sign of intelligence would ever betray what was in his mind. Ash gradually sculptured Joe a face of dynamic meaninglessness that is the envy of most other comedians.

Joe bore all his other sufferings better than homesickness. He thought he was going to die of that malady. After the circus season the act played the street fairs, and the nine-year-old boy thought he would never see his parents and his six brothers and sisters again. He nearly lost his mind with joy when he finally got home. He ate enormously. He recovered from his bruises and sprains.

He went back to school and loved it. Comfortable, well fed, showered with affection, he suddenly found that he was acutely wretched. Joe missed something, but he didn't know what. One day he discovered what it was; he missed his shooting pains, his hunger, his sprains, his aches, and his general miseries. He missed the smell of sawdust, tanbark, menageries, and kerosene torches. He was nostalgic for an occasional clubbing. One day he found himself back in the gym. In April he hit the road again with the four other Marvellous Ashtons.

ASH was a great teacher. Two or three of the tricks he taught Joe have, it is asserted, never been duplicated. One of these is the aerial double twist. Ash, lying on his back, would use his feet to catapult Joe high in the air; Joe would do a somersault and twist his body around twice, landing in a sitting position on Ash's feet. Ash was prouder of this than of any other achievement of his life. He wasn't satisfied with showing the trick to paid spectators. He kept Joe beside him all the time so that they could perform the double twist wherever they went.

Ash was a great talker, and he had only one subject—acrobats. He would sulk for a while when any other topic came up and then suddenly swoop down on the conversation and switch it to acrobats. He had his own formulas for changing the subject from crops, politics, baseball, or horse races to acrobats in one or two sentences. If Theodore Roosevelt was being discussed, Ash would cut in with "Teddy certainly turned a double back somersault on the tariff. Now, speaking of double back somersaults—" Or, "Did you ever know that Teddy's uncle was an acrobat? He was the first man that ever . . ." Having thus put the subject squarely before the house, Ash would rapidly develop it to the point where he had removed his shoes, planted himself

benefit, but he sometimes overdid the good-Samaritan angle. He could always produce a noble motive for anything. He encouraged his young acrobats to strengthen their hands by rubbing and kneading his head as hard as they could. "There's nothing a young athlete needs like strong hands," he would tell them. "Punish the old skull with all your might. Don't worry about me. Put more power into it. Build up those hands. Never mind how it hurts old Billy Ash." It was years before Joe learned that Ash had periodic headaches which nothing except strenuous rubbing and kneading would relieve.

One day Ash asked Joe if he loved his mother. Joe said yes. In that case, Ash said, Joe ought to make a collection of cigar bands for her. There could be no sweeter surprise for a mother, he said. This seemed reasonable, and Joe practically lived in gutters for months in search of examples of this art form, with their miniature gold-encrusted portraits of kings, queens, and princes, artists like Van Dyck and Rembrandt, and stars like Patti and Lil-

lian Russell. In Allison, Iowa, Joe found Ash on the porch of the hotel, relaxing royally with the natives and gesticulating with a long, black, twisted cheroot with one of Joe's most expensive cigar bands around it. From that time on, Ash never smoked a cheroot with less than a twenty-five-cent cigar band. In the better hotel lobbies he flourished thirty-five-cent and fifty-cent bands. It was years before Joe realized that this was high-class showmanship. Ash's cheroots cost a cent apiece, and were not always worth it. He was unable to make one specimen draw at all and ripping it open in a rage, he found a human tooth in it. On another occasion he scratched his tongue on a broken hairpin in one of these cigars. Ash said the trouble was that the cheroots were made from the sweepings of cigar factories and that they didn't sift the sweepings the way they used to.

In five years Joe's salary rose from a dollar and a half a week to seven-fifty a week, but it was all sent home to his parents. He also got an allowance of five cents a week, which he always spent on a hamburger. The only time he ever satisfied his appetite was at D. J. Grauman's Unique Theatre, in San Francisco. For box-office reasons, Grauman fed his vaudeville talent on the stage. His method of running the show made it necessary for him to have all his performers on hand all the time. The Unique was an L-shaped theatre. The early customers sat in the part of the L which faced the stage. The latecomers had to wait in the part of the L that faced a blank wall until they could get seats within sight of the stage. Grauman, father of the famous Sid Grauman, who runs the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, allowed the show to run its full time if the crowd was only fair. But if his clients came in large numbers, he cut the acts to half or even to a quarter of their length, in order to shorten the

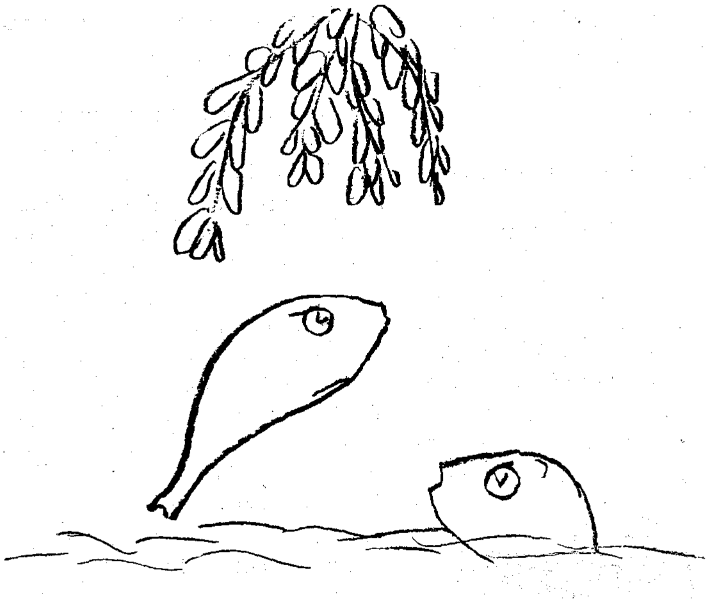
restaurant man cooked the food free for two reasons; the first was a complimentary mention; the second was the fact that the smell of hot food helped his restaurant business by making the theatre audiences ravenous. In order to sharpen the spectators' appetites, the vaudevillians were instructed to eat greedily, and no troupers ever lived up to their obligations more enthusiastically. Joe has always loved San Francisco since that time.

THE Five Marvellous Ashtons were thrown out of work by the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. They got separated during the fire that followed. Joe found his way back to Toledo alone. That was the end of his connection with Ash, the great starmaker. In five years the veteran had geared Joe up to such high speed that he has been travelling on the momentum ever since. The character that Ash pounded into him made him a star of vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, moving pictures, and radio, and author of a best-seller, a pillar of the community in southern California, and one of the leading entertainers of soldiers, with more than a hundred thousand miles of war-zone trouping to his credit. The pain-defying discipline under Ash made it possible for Joe to do a few thousand miles of his touring while unable to walk because of sciatica. Before that, the Ash training had enabled him to think practically nothing of two fractures of the spinal column and more than twenty other broken bones.

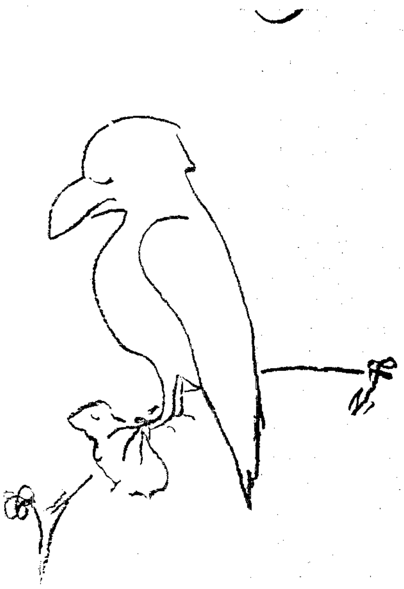
By 1906, Joe had already begun to mix with celebrities. One of his friends was Ollie Pecord, premier sport of Toledo, the man who refereed the Dempsey-Willard fight in 1919. He introduced Joe to Tommy Bell, a fine acrobat, who was looking for a partner, and the team of Bell & Brown was formed. Joe learned later why Bell had had no partner. Bell was a perfectionist. He couldn't stand it when Joe turned a fraction of an inch too much or too little in his aerial twists and somersaults. After projecting Joe into the air with his feet and catching him with his hands, Bell would sit up and groan indignantly. "A full inch too much to the left," he would say. "I warn you, I can't stand it." One day they were performing in Hudson, New York. After shooting Joe high into the air for a double twist, Bell uttered a loud groan, got up, and walked off the stage. With nobody there to catch him, Joe hit the stage hard and broke a leg. "I warned you," said Bell.

Whenever anything kept him off the stage, Joe always headed for school. As soon as he was able to hobble on crutches, he started going to the ninth grade in Jamaica, Long Island, where he was living with some friends. That was his last schooling. His later education came from touring the country in vaudeville and absorbing what people had to say. For a comedian, he is a good listener, probably because of his early training in pantomime. Now and then he got hold of a book. One of his great literary treasures was Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. The young tumbler steeped himself in the worldly wisdom of the eighteenth-century king of deportment. It is odd that a comic star should be enthusiastic about the man who wrote, "In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal and ill-bred as audible laughter." Nevertheless, Joe has had a lifetime admiration for the super-elegant nobleman. He was furious at Dr. Johnson for saying that Chesterfield taught the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a whore. The fact that Joe's general reading was limited was of considerable advantage to him years later. It gave him the distinction of being the only movie actor who ever made good in a Shakespearean rôle. Joe had never seen or read a Shakespeare play when Max Reinhardt ash's severity was intended for Joe's

RAL HISTORY



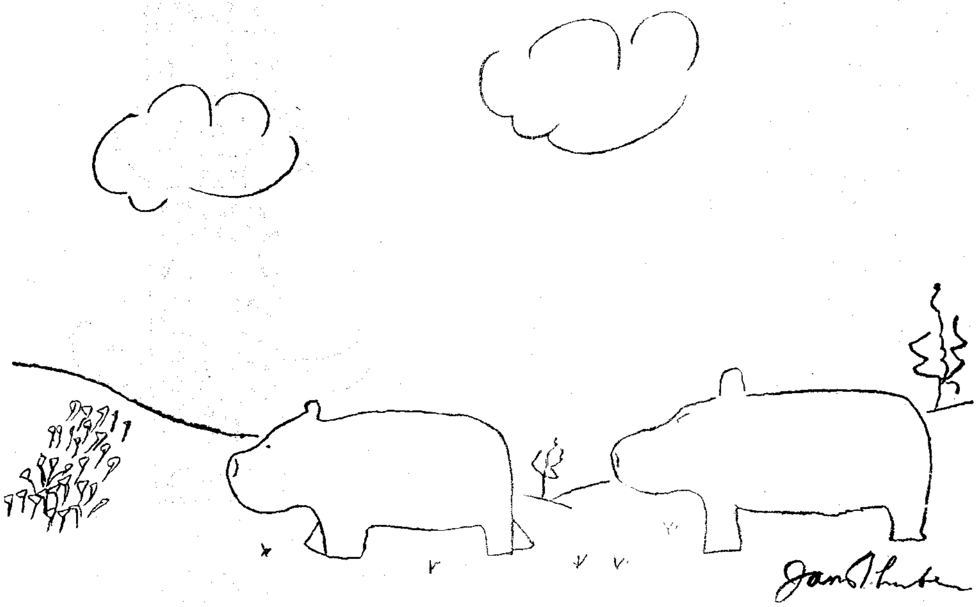
The female Snarl (left) and the male Sulk



A Garble with an Utter in its claws

week hack writer. Joe actually topped Shakespeare as a Hollywood gag man; the laugh clockers reported that the best audience reaction followed the line "I won't play any more," which was not written by the Elizabethan but was adlibbed by Joe after he had been thrown into a lake. Since then, Joe has seen and read plays by Shakespeare, and he now respects the man, probably has the usual secret ambition to play Hamlet, and is undoubtedly ruined as a Shakespearean interpreter.

As soon as his broken leg was mended, Joe was back on the stage in the team of Prevost & Brown, which later became well known in vaudeville as Rochelle & Brown. The manager of the Orpheum circuit forced the change of name. He explained that the Orpheum people were the aristocrats of the show business, that the name of Prevost & Brown had the stamp of low life on it because the act had appeared on one of the other vaudeville circuits, and that he couldn't ask Orpheum stars to mix with common performers. He was ready to hire the act, but not as Prevost & Brown. The two acrobats talked it over in their hotel room. Joe couldn't think of changing the name of Brown; it seemed like changing his head or his flag. Brown, he felt, was the finest name in the world, and his effort to live up to it benefited his character. He kept reminding himself of who he was by wearing only brown suits, hats, neckties, shoes, and socks. He had even violated the tradition of the burlesque comedian by refusing, through loyalty to his own color, to paint his nose red. Prevost had no such feeling for "Prevost." His eye happened to rest on a bottle of Rochelle salts and he said, "All right, from now on I'm Rochelle."



The male Wedlock (left) cautiously approaching a clump of Devil-May-Care; at right, the female

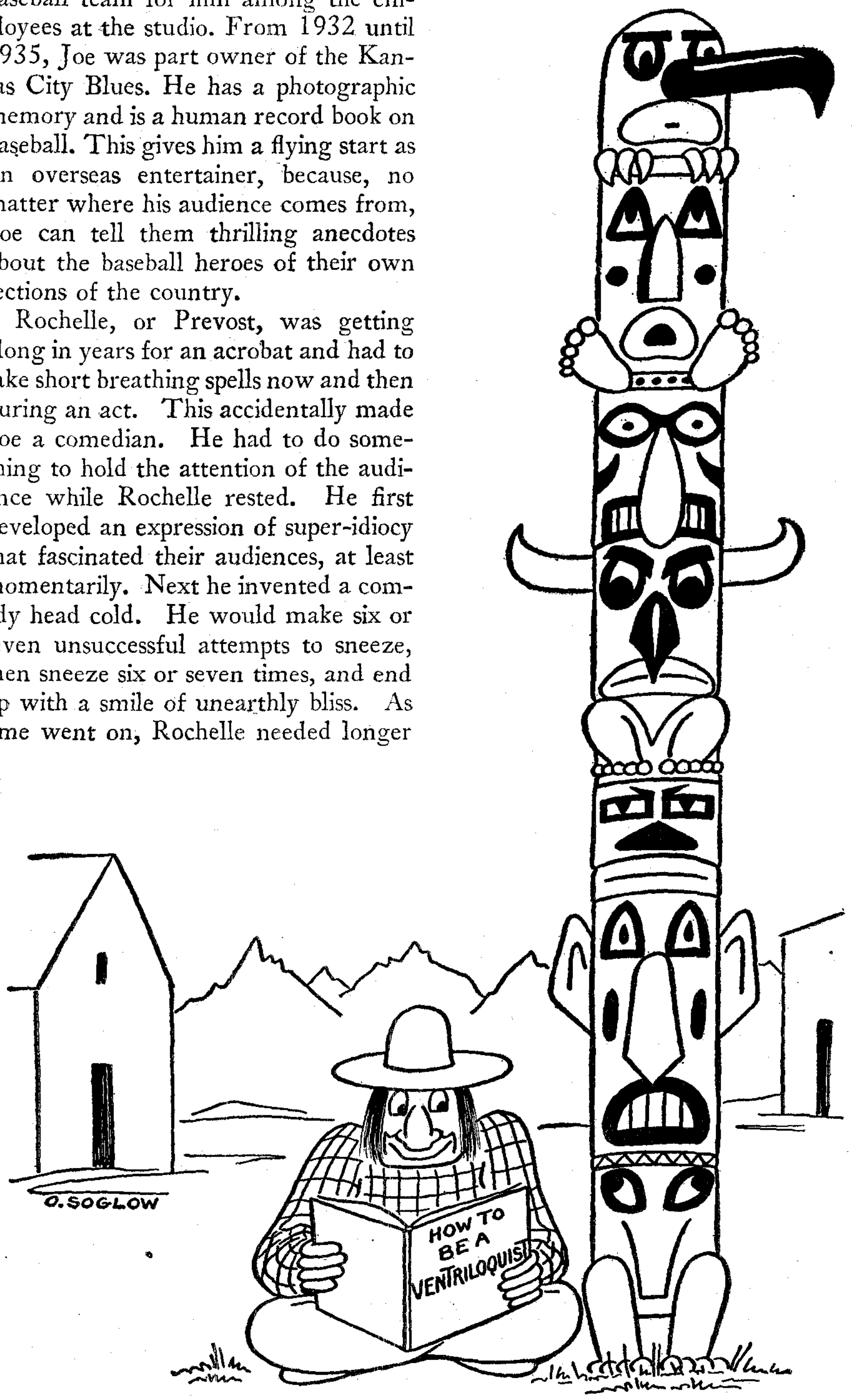
Joe thought there was nothing in the world so fine as to be an acrobat on the Orpheum circuit, but his feelings were constantly hurt by his vaudeville colleagues. All of them, down to the grand-opera and barnyard imitators, pretended to look down on the acrobats. Nobody ever addressed a group of vaudevillians except by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen and acrobats." The curse of curses was "May your children be acrobats!" Joe began to look around for another occupation.

Wherever Joe went, he played sandlot baseball during the season. While he was resting between engagements in St. Paul, in 1910, Mike Kelly, manager of the St. Paul team, invited him out to practice. Joe was a good fielder but too light to be much of a hitter. It looked for a time as if he would work in as the regular second-baseman got meat free in return for

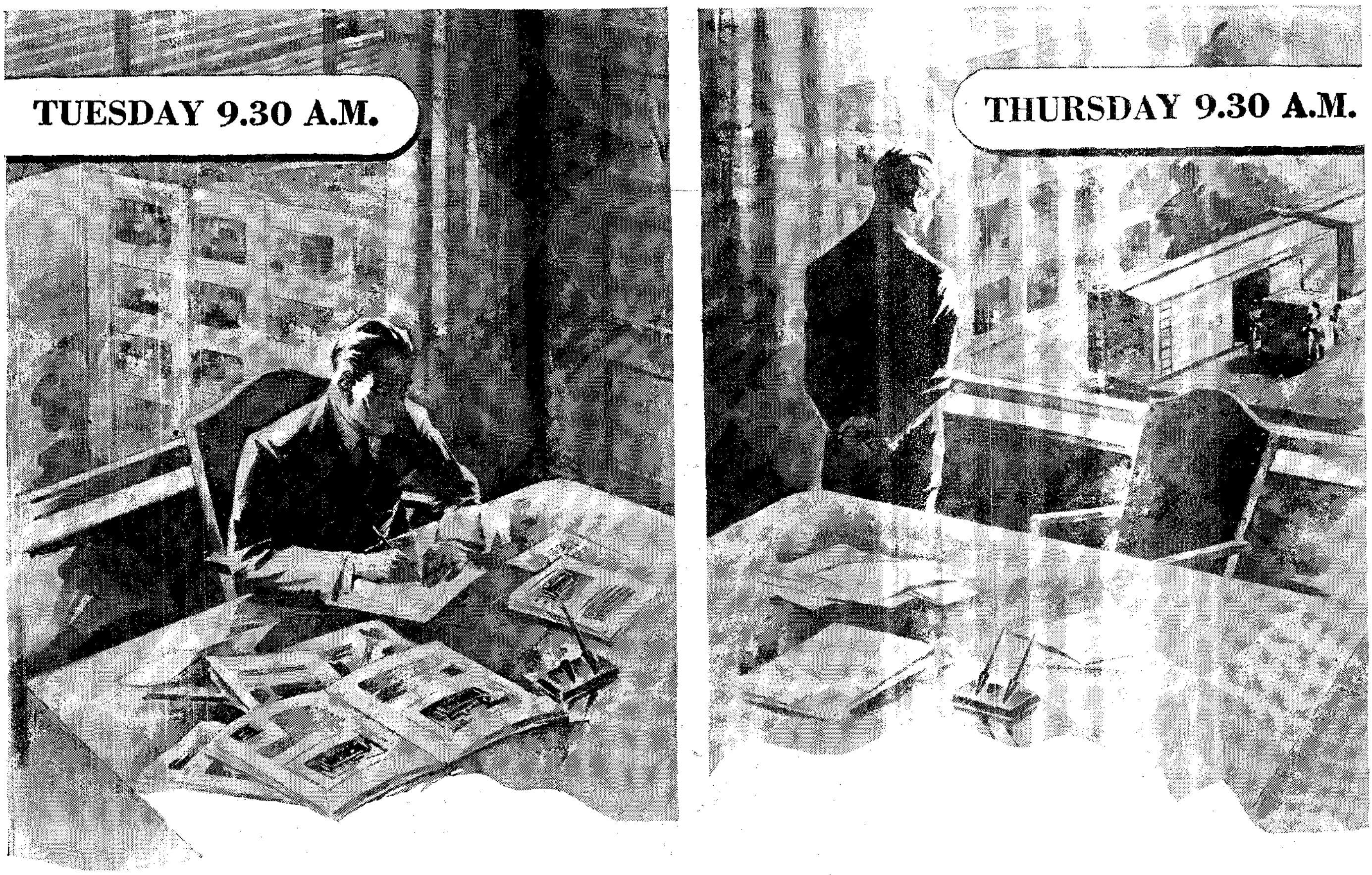
of the St. Pauls. In one game he was about to hurl himself into a feet-first slide for home when the coach at third base gave him the "Don't slide" signal. Trained through years of acrobatics to exact obedience to signals, Joe tried to stop sliding, but it was too late. He hit the ground awkwardly and broke a leg again. That was the last of Joe as a professional in baseball. He became famous later as an amateur scout and amateur bench warmer for the Yankees. His greatest find was Earl Combs, once outfielder and lead-off man for the Yanks. When Joe signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers, he insisted on a unique clause, which required the company to maintain a complete baseball team for him among the employees at the studio. From 1932 until 1935, Joe was part owner of the Kansas City Blues. He has a photographic memory and is a human record book on baseball. This gives him a flying start as an overseas entertainer, because, no matter where his audience comes from, Joe can tell them thrilling anecdotes about the baseball heroes of their own sections of the country.

Rochelle, or Prevost, was getting along in years for an acrobat and had to take short breathing spells now and then during an act. This accidentally made Joe a comedian. He had to do something to hold the attention of the audience while Rochelle rested. He first developed an expression of super-idiocy that fascinated their audiences, at least momentarily. Next he invented a comedy head cold. He would make six or seven unsuccessful attempts to sneeze, then sneeze six or seven times, and end up with a smile of unearthly bliss. As time went on, Rochelle needed longer breathing spells, and Joe had to go in for telling stories. Joe's mouse that fell into the barrel of whiskey became a national institution. It was the success of his dissipated mouse that gave him his first visions of stardom.

IN 1918, when Joe was twenty-six, he went into burlesque. He had been making a hundred and fifty dollars a week as a star tumbler and he became a second comedian in a burlesque show for seventy-five. This was a difficult step. Joe had married Kathryn McGraw, a Superior, Wisconsin, girl, in 1915 and now had a family. But he believed he could become a star comedian, and burlesque was recognized as the best college of comedy. After he made the change, he wrote to his parents about it. They didn't know what burlesque was and were delighted at his rise in the world. When he was playing Detroit, he received a letter from his mother. She was arriving there next day and planned to take in the matinée. Joe collapsed. He knew that two minutes of burlesque would kill his mother. Speechless with terror, he went to the theatre and handed the letter to Heinie Cooper, a Dutch comedian, who was the star of the show. Cooper gave a long, low whistle and then shouted for everybody to gather round him. "We got to take out every off-color line," he said. "Joe's mother's coming to the show." After the night performance, the whole company got to work trying to purify the entertainment. Taking out the off-color lines was not enough; the plot, dialogue, stage business, scenery, and costumes were all off-color. Not only that, but every syllable in the English language was off-color, as a good burlesque comedian pronounces any vowel so as to cause blushes of shame. The most innocent-looking stage properties were full of sulphurous implications. Joe's colleagues set themselves wholeheartedly to the task of cleaning up the show. Most of them were respectable, home-loving people who would rather die than commit a social error in private life. The blue jokes were thrown out first and the broad innuendoes next. That disposed of everything in the show, and some old vaudeville acts had to be substituted. The whole cast worked for hours trying to break themselves of winks, leers, and lifted eyebrows and trying to talk as if they were not uttering double-entendres. The ladies fell into the spirit of the thing and practiced dancing innocently and gesticulating with their hands only. Joe's mother was charmed. Moreover, the regulars of the burlesque audience were completely satisfied. They brought their off-color minds to bear on everything and read extra-grimy meanings into the most sanctimonious dialogue.


O. SOGLOW
HOW TO BE A VENTRILOQUIST

IT is commonly supposed that the foundation of Joe's greatness is a mouth of startling dimensions, but this is not so. His mouth is not of extraordinary size. Its apparent magnitude is an optical illusion that he achieves by throwing his head back so that his wide-open mouth occupies the foreground of the audience's field of vision. Joe was an established comic star long before he discovered his million-dollar mouth. He learned the possibilities of his mouth by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with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
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Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
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SONG OF NORWAY
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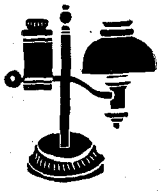
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
PLYMOUTH THEA. 45 St. W. of B'y. Air-Cond. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

accident. He was trying to put life into a dull scene. He had only a few words to speak in this scene and those words were not funny. He realized that if the audience was to go wild over this part of the show, he would have to invent some pretty delirious stage business. He worked hard to perfect the faint, squeaky voice he had used in telling the mouse saga. But to convulse an audience with faint squeaks, he had to have its attention. Joe hit on the idea of opening his mouth as wide as possible and holding it that way until the audience was staring at it with concentrated attention, believing that he had forgotten his lines and was petrified with fear. When he had perfect attention, he barely whispered his line. The audience was murdered by the small voice coming from the big mouth. For twenty-five years Joe's life has been dominated by that incidental bit of stage business. It bothers Joe a little that people think he owes his fame and fortune to his mouth. He doesn't like to have the rest of Joe E. Brown regarded as second fiddle to an oral cavity. As a matter of fact, it would have been just an ordinary trap without Joe's brains behind it. The mouth didn't make Joe famous; Joe made the mouth famous. Joe's friends learn to avoid too many references to the Great Open Space and Mammoth Cave.



Joe was still playing burlesque when John Cort picked him to take the star part in the musical comedy "Listen Lester" to replace another comedian during the run of the show. On the night he was to make his début, Joe arrived at the theatre at six. For two hours he put on and took off his makeup. At eight o'clock, somebody stuck his head in the doorway of Brown's dressing room and said, "No show tonight. Strike." It was the first night of the great Equity strike of 1919. Joe hadn't known that a strike was brewing. He started carrying a strike banner before he learned what his grievances were. He went to Equity headquarters and explained that he wanted to join but didn't have the five dollars to pay the initiation fee. Equity loaned him five dollars. Joe handed it back and became a member in good standing.

After the strike, Joe made a hit in "Listen Lester" and soon was an established star, appearing in "Jim Jam Jems," "The Greenwich Village Follies," "Captain Jinks," "Twinkle, Twinkle," and a road-company "Elmer the Great." In 1928 he started his Hollywood career in a melodrama, "Crooks Can't Win." Year after year the comedies in which Joe starred were among the ten biggest box-office draws of the movies, and he had one of the greatest publics of boys any star ever had. The one-man comedies finally went into a decline. Joe had started in Hollywood as a character actor and he went back to character parts.

WHEN Joe's two sons went to the University of California at Los Angeles, Joe became a sort of perpetual sophomore there himself. He joined a college fraternity when he was approaching fifty. He was a sparkplug of the campus movements and a pep-talker in U.C.L.A. athletics. It was Artie Reichle—one of Joe's fraternity-house brothers—who started him on his career as a war-zone entertainer. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Reichle, then in the Army in Alaska, wrote Joe about the gloom and boredom of Arctic soldiering and urged him to come up there to relieve the monotony. Joe immediately appealed to Washington for permission to tour the Alaskan camps. He got permission early in 1942, and since then he has spent much of his time following the flag into strange parts of the world. He was the first star to tour Alaska and the Aleutians and one of the first in the South Pacific. He is the only man in the world who has been initiated into the Lambs, Elks, Shriners, the Solomon Island headhunters, and the Eskimos of St. Lawrence Island, in the Bering Sea. March 19th, the day he visited St. Lawrence, was declared a perpetual legal holiday by the Eskimo council of that island and it was made a crime for anybody to do any work on that memorable date.

Joe returned from the Aleutians to tour in a revival of "The Show-Off" and appear at Bond rallies. For years, one of his ways of amusing himself has been to take over the sale of tickets in the box office of the theatre he or a movie of his is playing. He never gets tired of the surprised expressions on the faces of the ticket buyers. He was putting on this stunt in Detroit on October 8, 1942, when the ticket-office telephone rang. Joe answered. "This is the Army Air Forces Ferrying Command in Long Beach, California," said the voice. "We're trying to locate Joe E. Brown to tell him that his son has just been killed." This was Joe's older son, Don, a captain in the air service, who had been killed in a plane crash in southern California. Joe's second son,

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Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
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"WORTH FOUR CHEERS."—Herald Tribune
"VASTLY ENTERTAINING" Tribune
WILLIAM GAXTON in VICTOR MOORE
HOLLYWOOD PINAFORE
with SHIRLEY BOOTH
A New Musical Comedy by GEO. S. KAUFMAN
ALVIN, 52 St. W. Bway Cl. 5-6868. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. Air-cond.

Joe Leroy Brown, is now a captain in the Army. Joe also has two daughters, Kathryn and Mary.

As soon as Joe could get an O.K. from Washington, he started on a tour of the South Pacific under U.S.O. auspices. He received commendations from President Roosevelt and from many generals for making a hundred-thousand-mile circuit and some journalistic abuse for not doing more. The Pacific was the seventh heaven for a comedian. Joe appeared at hundreds of places where no professional entertainer had been before. Comedy-starved audiences became hysterical at the word "Brooklyn" and practically died at the initials "M.P." They had been storing up laughs for months and released them in explosions that would turn any comedian's head. Joe's baseball monologue went over like laughing gas on laughing hyenas. Probably no other comedian has ever had such a glorious experience. It was as if practically a third of the globe was inhabited by a funny man's paid claque.

No comedian has ever got a big enough reaction to suit him. Joe combed the coral reefs to harvest one more laugh. On the island of Canton, he climbed a palm tree to catch his smallest audience. The entire house was one soldier from Houston, who had missed Joe's regular performance because he was on lookout duty. At a hospital in the New Hebrides, Joe and Johnny Marvin, the hillbilly king, put on a complete show, with encores, for two sick soldiers in a hospital tent. Sciatica was not enough to stop a comedian who was surrounded by such delirious senses of humor. Lying flat on his back on a stretcher for three weeks, Joe continued on the trail of this hair-trigger hilariousness. The reception he got on Christmas Island exhilarated him to such an extent that, forgetting his sciatica, he did an eccentric dance and cured himself. He put on acts in jungle grass so tall that his audiences had to hang from branches of trees to see him and he made night appearances by electric torchlights when stronger lighting effects were forbidden because of the nearness of the enemy. Leaving the Pacific, Joe did India, China, the Near East, Africa, Italy, and other theatres. A couple of months ago he started on another tour of the Pacific Theatre. —ALVA JOHNSTON

•

Q.—Toadstools come up in my lawn, but I never see a toad. What causes them?
—*Los Angeles Times.*

Practical jokers.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
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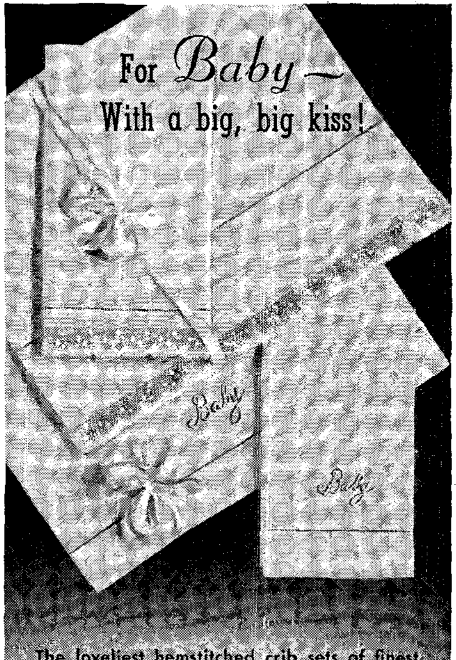

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Imperfect Tribute

"IF you had it to do all over again, George, would you still fall in love with yourself?" inquires an actor called Oscar Levant representing a character called Oscar Levant in "Rhapsody in Blue," a picture purporting to be a biography of the late George Gershwin. I think that Mr. Levant is credited with actually having made some such remark in life, but whether he did or not, it offers a useful clue to the nature of the subject. To one who never knew Gershwin, the stories about him have only one common and striking characteristic; they are almost never about a man in relation to his contemporaries, as the members of the Algonquin Round Table, for instance, were inextricably parts of a rather dismaying whole. He was closely bound up with the Gershwin family, rather as the sun might be said to be bound up with the solar system, and he lived a good deal in crowds, all banging endlessly away on pianos, but the total impression was solitary. He had apparently an intense preoccupation with the appearance and behavior of the man known to him—more or less in the third person—as George Gershwin, and everything else, except music, impinged on him only lightly. In other words, the story was simply that of a boy who was born exclusively to compose music, who succeeded easily and fabulously at it, and died young. Such a career, of course, is intolerable to the cinema, which can imagine only one primary obsession, so quite an elaborate little emotional life has been cooked up for the hero.

Mr. Gershwin, it now develops, had at least two deep and mysterious romances in his life, both quite unknown to his more fact-bound biographers. The first was with a young woman named Julie Adams, whom he met while he was plugging songs for Remick, subsequently raised to stardom with his songs, and then abandoned at the height of his success. It was clear, however, that she was his real spiritual mate, both from the remonstrances of his friends and relatives, who discussed his conduct on all possible occasions, once indeed on a deathbed, and from the fact that his thoughts turned sentimentally to her whenever he happened to have nothing else in particular on his mind. The other was with Christine Gilbert, a rich divorcée who spoke French and went to art galleries and therefore, I suppose, was to be classed as an intellectual. Inspired by her example—for she herself painted, quite badly—he took up art and rapidly excelled at that too, being especially gifted at self-portraiture, though he was never quite convinced that his brush had captured all the infinite Gershwins so miraculously fused in a single man. Rather overpowered by so much talent, Mrs. Gilbert retreated to Mexico, observing dispassionately that Mr. Gershwin struck her as clearly cut out to be a bachelor. The introduction of these two frustrated ladies could be justified, I guess, on the ground that Gershwin's behavior with them would not have been essentially out of key with his character. It is a matter of opinion. In mine, somebody has just inserted a silly and tiresome love affair as annoyingly as possible.

The rest of the plot wasn't much better. There was the battle over Gershwin's future between his mildly cynical music publisher and his idealistic old teacher, respectively symbolizing, of course, Tin Pan Alley and Carnegie Hall, and its happy conclusion when "The Rhapsody in Blue" demonstrated that their protégé had successfully combined them both. This may have been the truth, for all I know, but again this was put on the screen with such a dismal absence of intelligence or taste—the smiling death of the old teacher as he listened to his pupil's triumph on the radio was a handsome example of what went on—that it all seemed wildly improbable. There was a studious contrast between Gershwin's family background and his public splendor, the spirit of Potash and Perlmutter surviving triumphantly through some of the dizziest miracles of montage in film history. And behind this monumental collection of nonsense, there was always the magnificent music, from "Swanee" through the score of "Porgy and Bess," to make it all seem by contrast even more sad and embarrassing and dull.

The film presented a slight problem in mental adjustment to the audience, since about half of the cast, including Mr. Levant, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, and George White, were played by themselves, while the rest were actors who bore no perceptible resemblance to their originals. Since in this second group there were such familiar and unmistakable figures as Otto Kahn, Heifetz, Damrosch, and Rachmaninoff, the whole effect was a little unsettling, as though Mr. Truman and Victor Moore were to turn up together somewhere as the President and Vice-President of the United States. The other substitutes—Robert Alda as Gershwin, Herbert Rudley as his brother Ira, Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary De Camp as his parents, and Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith as the two ladies who never existed anyway—presented fewer difficulties, and even succeeded now and then in infusing some suggestion of life into the caricatures they were asked to portray.

NOTES from another typewriter: " 'Blood on the Sun' is a desperate piece of work about an American newspaper man in Tokio and the trouble he has smuggling the original of the infamous Tanaka plan, the Japanese equivalent of 'Mein Kampf,' out of the country. It is the most violent workout Mr. Cagney has had since 'Public Enemy,' and it ought to be fine for those who admire a good, ninety-minute massacre. With some assistance from a shapely half-Chinese spy (Sylvia Sidney), Mr. Cagney dismembers practically all the Secret Police, using a combination of judo and a short American hook to the jaw, and provides his government with a reasonably clear outline of Japan's designs on the United States, though unfortunately neglecting to mention Pearl Harbor. . . . In 'You Came Along,' three rollicking aviators are escorted on a flying War Bond tour by a beautiful blonde, kindly furnished by the Treasury Department. To her disgust, the boys are up to all kinds of childish tricks, like pinning French medals on girls who (I assume) have been terribly silly. In the middle, however, the picture abruptly wipes the foolish grin off its face. The heroine marries the most exasperating of the three aviators, having discovered that he has leukemia, and they settle down in a cottage near Mitchel Field. Everyone is naturally depressed when he gets his orders to report to Walter Reed Hospital and die there, but after the bride gets home from the funeral, she hears an airplane motor over the house, and a whisper, 'I'm having a fine time.' I will have a fine time myself when they stop making pictures like this."

—W. G.

•

The Exchange Telegraph Agency . . . said the 44-year-old Gestapo chief had been arrested three days ago in Cognito.
—*Petersburg (Va.) Progress-Index.*

That gloomy little dump?

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YES, POST WORLD WAR I

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The cargo glider he now flies as a member of the world's mightiest air force is not the first WACO in this pilot's life . . . nor will it be the last.

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LETTER FROM LAKE CONSTANCE

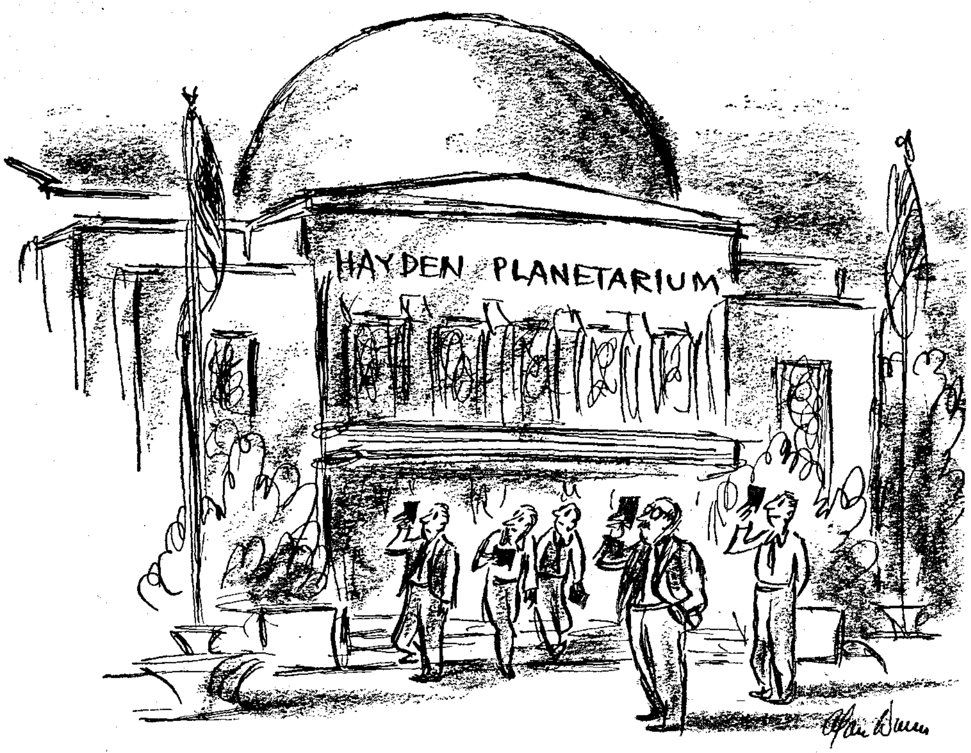
JUNE 22 (BY WIRELESS)

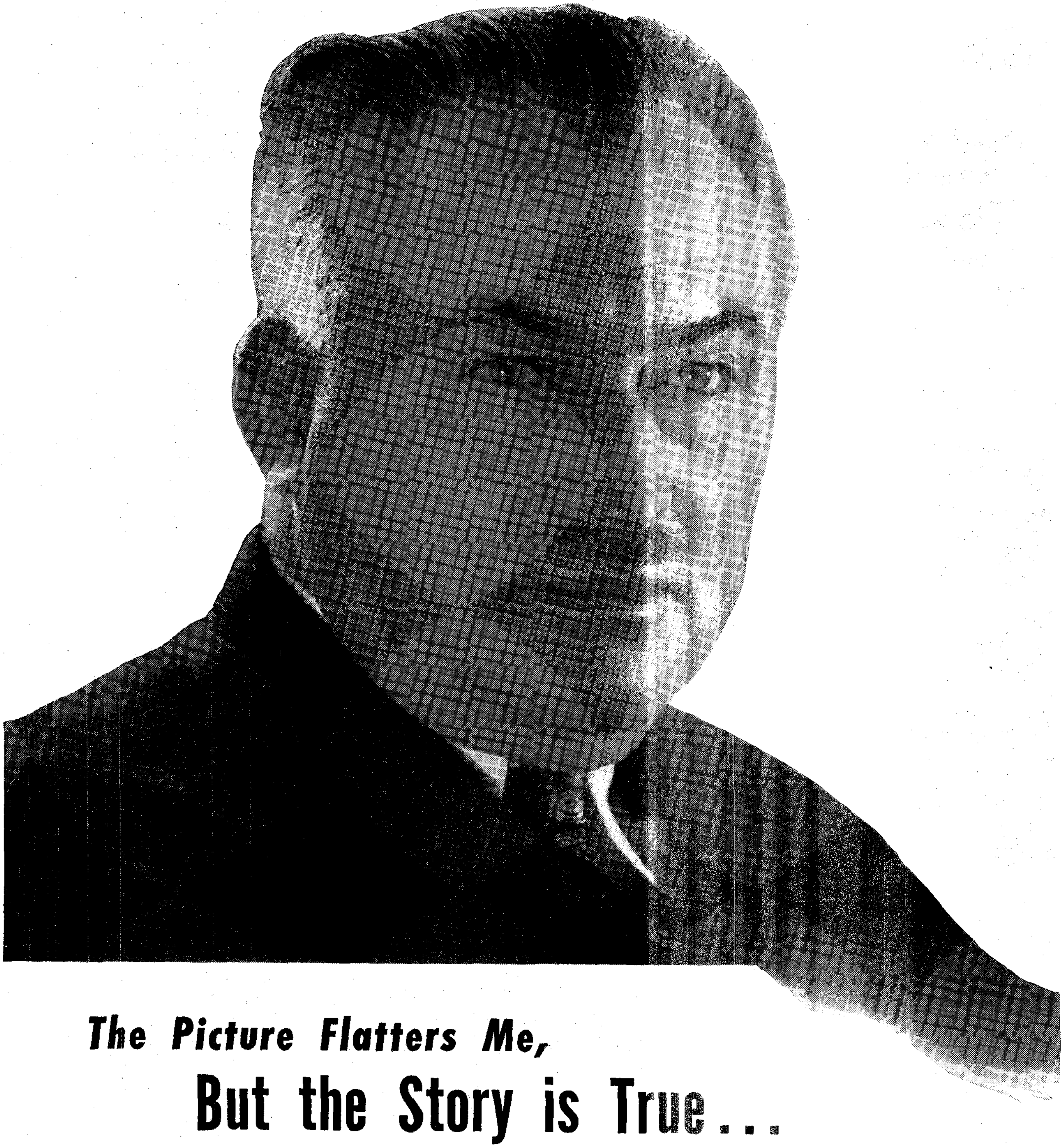
THE First French Army's occupation headquarters in Germany is flourishing in Lindau, a charming medieval town, on an island in Lake Constance, that has managed to come through from 1275 to 1945 without having been hit by a big war. General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, the commander of the First Army, is using it as a sort of fancy, foreign county seat. The French Gouvernement Militaire et Moral—the French have one more adjective in their occupational setup than the rest of us Allies—has established its offices in the Altes Rathaus, new in 1436. It is a handsome building on a cobblestone street, with a high, V-shaped façade, stepped copings on either side, and, over its postern door, a faded, Gothic-lettered proverb still full of fine advice, since it counsels, in German, "Cease doing evil and learn to do good." This program, with a certain up-to-date, realistic twist, is just about what the First French Army, as a matter of occupation policy, expects the former Nazis to get to work on. The French are more hostile to the Germans than we Anglo-Saxons, are more brusque, precise, and positive in their occupation ideas, and have probably been running their German show better. Certainly they are doing a more efficient job with the ex-Nazis than they are doing with their own people back home.

According to information recently given out by Lindau's Military and Moral Government, housed in what used to be Lindau's smart Nazi officers' club, the French are interested, first, in administrating the Germans and seeing that they get food—not too much food, because the French have bitter recollections of the million French who died, mostly from starvation, in the German concentration camps—but enough food. The French policy is for the Germans to exist agriculturally, then industrially, and finally, if possible, intellectually. Their plan for reëducating the Germans will be affected by the way the Germans react in the early stages of the occupation and, in any case, will be more psychological than scholastic. (The French haven't enough paper to print schoolbooks for their own children, let alone textbooks for German adults.) The newspapers and broadcasts the French are now providing for the Germans are planned along a psychological line that goes as follows: no French propaganda is to be given to the Germans—nothing but pure news, in order "to cause the phenomenon of disintoxication by pure objectivity." The French have decided that now or never the Germans must learn to believe that facts and truth have value. More foreign news is given than French news, and local German news is featured. The French play up standard hometown stuff, such as who was married last week in the Dreifaltigkeitsberg Pilgrimage Church, near Tuttlingen; news of the production of butter and hay; and, as can happen, the regrettable incident of the war widow's little boy who was run over and killed on his village street by a French truck.

The French have succeeded better than the rest of us in choosing the least untrustworthy Germans to be burgomasters and the like, because of their special local screening service—their own prisoners of war in the area. At first the French automatically reappointed any mayor who had been kicked out by the Nazis in 1933; now they incline to appoint men, even lacking administrative experience, who the French P.O.W.s say listened to the B.B.C. or fed them decently or refused to go and gawk at Goering when he came to town. Knowing a bit about collaboration, the French refuse to employ the now eager collaborationists, whom we Americans seem to find so useful and whom they don't trust. They are also skeptical about employing the few anti-Nazis still alive, since they complicate the problem of governing with their denunciations and revenges. In general, the French have retained fewer of the pre-surrender German figures than we have.

IN the graph of the French occupation policy, the main curve seems to be traced by the ideas and personality of the First Army's commander, General de Lattre, who is an unusual character. It is his shrewd notion that "German eyes and ears were perverted by spectacles under the Nazis," that the Germans became aurally and ocularly susceptible to a sickly degree, and that a definite, spectacular, French quality, for which he certainly has talent, will help cure them. He believes that if the Germans see another race throwing its weight and color about, especially in the Germans' own land, they will be disillusioned and will no longer feel that such performances are the prerogative of supermen. To illustrate his idea, and because he's a disciplinarian anyway, he is trumpeted in and out of the Renaissance portal of his *quartier général*, on Lindau's little harbor, while red-fezzed Senegalese soldiers as tall as ebony totem poles present arms. The Germans gather in groups and stare from a distance. Following a new route each morning, his white-turbaned Moroccan spahis and his brown-djellabahed goumiers from the Atlas Mountains trot along the roads on their little gray or





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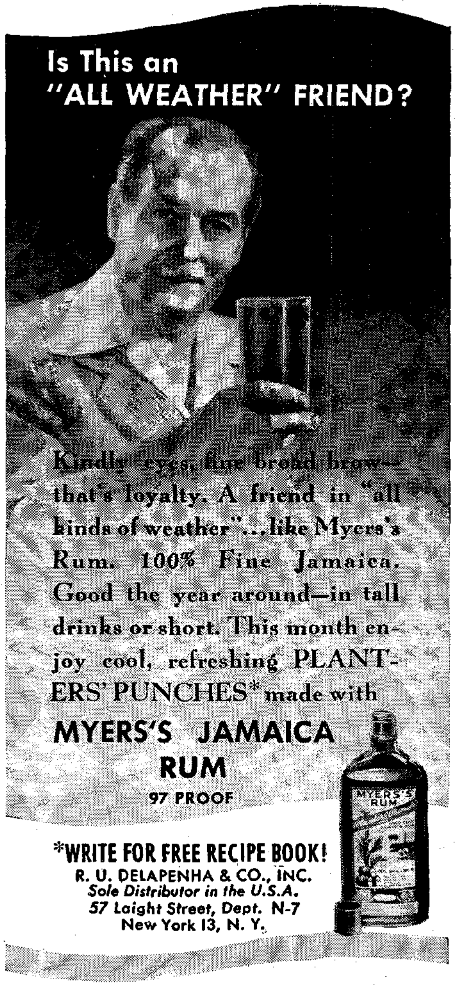

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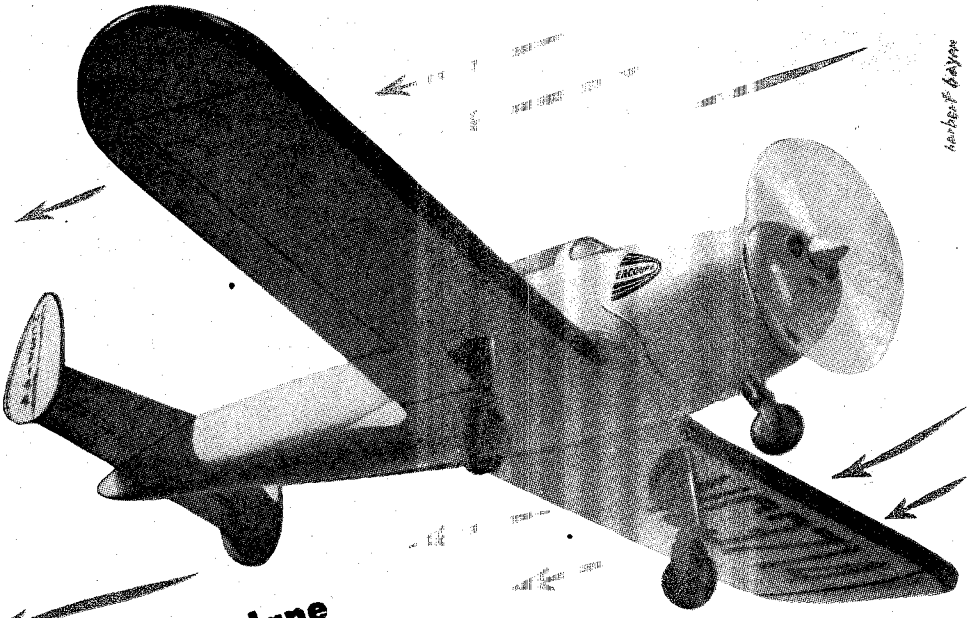
brown stallions and gallop impressively through the towns. While he is reducing German pride, de Lattre is deliberately building pride up among his Frenchmen to offset the shame, lethargy, and corrosive influences of 1940-44. His officers are billeted in hillside châteaux with staffs of German domestics; his troops cock their helmets over one ear, drive their jeeps like crazy, and live on the limited fat of the land. Fraternization doesn't bother the French. No matter what fraternizing a French soldier does, there's no danger that he likes the Germans, or even that particular German. As for rape—of the French African troops, only the goumiers have their wives with them, and that doesn't inhibit them—the French harshly consider that France herself was raped. As for looting, which they call recouping—as it often is, when they pounce upon German caches of French wines, bed sheets, dresses, and even children's toys—the officers declare that, aside from rabbits or chickens for the pot, their soldiers now recoup less than American G.I.s liberate. Many men in the First Army escaped to North Africa during the occupation, many others fought in the resistance, and many lost their families, either as hostages or in Dachau. As they grimly say, the occupation does not bore them.

According to certain of his officers, General de Lattre is really practicing in Germany his pet personal French Army idea, the Ecole des Cadres et de Moniteur de l'Education Physique, which he thought up and first tried out in Tunisia, in 1941, and later tentatively set going again at Rouffach, near Colmar, in France. The idea of his Cadres is a sort of Commando training and special education for men picked because they are physically the flower of the flock. With this goes a socializing and, to French Army brass hats, a scandalizing new esprit-de-corps notion that throws the officers and noncoms—there are no privates—into the same training classes and camps. In Tunisia, his Army engineers built him a stadium, with gymnasium and pavilion, which displeased him so thoroughly that he warned them he didn't want to have to lay eyes on it the next morning. They labored all night to raze it and, by working night and day for a week, managed to put up something he had planned himself. At Lake Constance, his Cadres march, sunburned and singing, to their daily swim. It's these Cadre lads that he plans—if he keeps his high post—to use in contacts with, and as examples to, the Germans and who will eventually handle German reëducation. No matter who runs the reëducation program, all the French, after their two defeats by the Germans and their one unsuccessful victory over them, today regard German reëducation as a common and solemn European responsibility.

WITH the candid interest that the French always have in a fantastic character, French First Army officers cheerfully discuss the startling anecdotes that make up their commander's legend. Apparently he flies into what are known as four-day rages; probably liver, they think. He almost flew into a double, or eight-day, rage last month when he took his first official Lake Constance boat ride in a captured German gunboat and his French Navy pilot innocently steered it into the Swiss portion of the lake, whereupon the sturdily neutral Swiss fired across its prow. He is respected by his troops but not loved. He punishes and praises—often the same person—with great rapidity. His conversation has a violent and winning charm; his ideas spring from a literary mind. The best bon mot about him is that he has enough defects to destroy him and enough good qualities to make him. He was a general before de Gaulle was and is reported not to get on with him. Paris military and political circles consider de Lattre ambitious. He is fifty-four, a country aristocrat from the same Vendée town in which Clemenceau was born, is married, has a son, Bernard, in one of his tank corps, has flashing dark eyes and an eagle nose, is not quite tall enough, is elegant in manner and battle dress, and wears the Médaille Militaire, which when presented to a general ranks as his most precious order. Many experts consider him the best strategic brain in France and his Belfort operation in November, 1944, the best military deception of the war. He planned it in October, in the nearby town of Besançon, where he widely gave out a secret order that his army would spend the winter there and not attack until spring. The day after the dissemination of this order, his spies, much to his satisfaction, brought him a German photostatic copy of it. His real secret orders were written, during the next three weeks, by his own hand. He removed troops from General Béthouart, who was to lead the attack, to make the Nazis think that chaos reigned in the French camp, and he spread the story that these troops were getting ready to attack an Atlantic pockherbert bayer



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● TWO delicious old-time flavors combine to give you a new, lip-smacking taste-sensation in Best Foods MUSTARD spiked with HORSERADISH. Not too strong...not too mild ...it's an exciting, savory combination! Get a jar today!

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CROSSE & BLACKWELL
MINT SAUCE FOR LAMB
PACKED IN BALTIMORE, MD.
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THEY'RE SEEN TOGETHER IN THE BEST HOMES

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Mint Sauce
Always Goes
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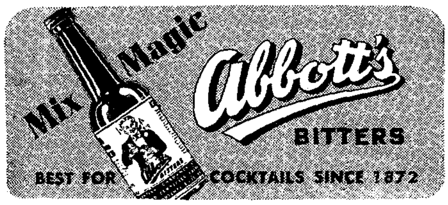

et. By this time, sufficient chaos really did reign to cause one of his colonels to complain, "*Mon Général,* I no longer understand anything." "Perfect," de Lattre said, beaming. At the climax of these deceptions, Winston Churchill arrived in Besançon and saw the goumiers walking barefoot in the snow and the over-all poverty of the French equipment, which the Americans had given the French and which they had been forced to spread too thin. Being made privy to the General's real plans for a sudden, swift attack, Churchill, it is reported, not only declared it impossible but said that he was going to see Eisenhower the next day in London and that Eisenhower would undoubtedly make it impossible by ordering no attack until warm weather. De Lattre attacked the next morning and Belfort fell to him and his men on November 20th.

This spring, during the Rhine-crossing season, de Lattre and his army got over it at night, at Germersheim, in captured German rowboats, which they lashed together and affixed automobile motors to. By dawn, one of his nine divisions of Infanterie Coloniale had passed over and gained three kilometres. It was after the Rhine crossing that de Lattre and his First Army and General Jacob Devers and his American Seventh Army, who had fought with the First all the way up from the south of France, took their separate military paths.

IT was a remarkably sociable effort to ease troubled Franco-American relations that de Lattre made when he recently used Lake Constance as the scene of a fabulous fête in honor of General Devers, now commander of the American Sixth and Twelfth Army Groups, with forty other American and twenty French generals attending. The fête, which was as grandiose as something under Louis XIV and included an almost royal use of a large slice of the French Army, lasted from three o'clock on the afternoon of June 15th to three o'clock the next morning and dazzled the Americans, the French, and even the Germans—what little of it the defeated foe could see at a distance—by its magnificence and taste. It covered territory extending from the General's residence in Lindau, at one end of the lake, to the town of Constance, near the other end, and it included an al-fresco dinner for four hundred guests, antiphonal choirs singing invisibly behind forest trees, Lithuanian dancers from a displaced-persons camp, a military parade, and a nocturnal boat ride with searchlights overhead, air support, and stalwarts from the goumiers serving as linkmen, with flaming flambeaux, to guide the guests ashore afterward.

It would seem that the present poor Franco-American relations, which weren't entirely repaired by de Lattre's hospitality, really started years ago at the top—the lack of affection between Roosevelt and de Gaulle, whose rift, spreading out through time and troubles on both sides, has now led to the two nations' distant disregard for each other. Against the background of Francophobia which is found in much of our occupation army, the rare Francophile is looked on as peculiar. What to the French has long seemed the shiftiness of our State Department; what to the Americans now seems the arrogance of the French in foreign relations; what to the French seems Yankee bossiness and what to the Americans seems Gallic inefficiency; the rowdiness of our G.I. on leave in ungay Paris; the G.I.'s irritation at what everything costs him with the deflated dollar and inflated franc; our pre-liberation promises of help and our inability to fulfill them because we were still busy liberating; and, above all, turning warm blood to ink, the vast bureaucracy, with tentacles full of papers, forms, signatures, orders, counter-orders, and permissions granted or denied—these elements have deformed our contacts. On both sides, what was a war has turned into a long-drawn-out quarrel. We demand gratitude as if it could be ordered, and the French demand respect as if it could be had for the asking. Isolationism and xenophobia have come to seem like a couple of naturals, and the idiocies of nationalism have set in as a form of virility. The unified weight of the three Western Allies saved Europe; now their jealousies are beginning to unbalance it. The German generals' misery at losing the war must be mitigated by what they hear of the Allies' lack of pleasure in the peace.

SO long as history leaves the average Frenchman alone, he is not a traveller. Occupation has again sent Frenchmen in large numbers, and with a new sense of observation, into one of the prettiest portions of the land of a nation that has repeatedly been their enemy. Among the French of the First Army, men and officers both, there seems to be astonishment at finding have-not Germany looking so rich in green fields and at seeing, along the roads, a silent, hard-working population whose uniformed men for five years obediently spread noise and destruction over Europe. As one young French soldier remarked, simply, "*Ils ne méritent pas un si beau pays*"—They don't deserve such a beautiful country.

—GENET

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POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Globe*]

YOUTH AND THE MAN

Picked up in the gutter
And placed in the Hall of Fame.
He had written many a classic,
Rhythm and Rhyme, Edgar Allan Poe his
name.

"The Gold Bug" Twenty-five dollars,
He did receive.
Printed and placed throughout the world.
Like one great flag unfurled.

The things he wrote, and the things he
thought,
Made one wonder a lot and a lot,
One of the Boys and moving about,
Thought many things amidst the Tavern
shout.

Mystery, intrigue, was his lot,
Ever after youth was spent and sort.
Older writing here and there,
Never giving up, never despair,
Over the paper dashed the pen,
To the tune of Winter, snow and rain.

Summer too was material months,
Poems and stories, books and clumps,
Ink in the dust, Pen in hand, sitting on a
clump of dirt in the sand.
He scratches "The End" and lays the pen
down. That's another for the World to
Sound.
Youth, spent among the paper and pens,
Long reams of paper, long, long ends;
A stranger wherever he went,
To tavern, store, or small show hall.
Dreaming, thinking, 1,000,000 words,
Easy, easy, enough for him and him alone,
But requiring thought and lots and lots of
stuff.

Older and forward into literature,
Into a tavern one day,
Name unknown, among strangers to play;
One took him by the trousers, the other
by the belt
And, in American slang, "Threw him out."

Landing in the gutter, with stars and moon
above.
Late and pleasure tavern.
And Poe himself the Pen in the Dust.
A light fall he tumbled, results;
It might have been a mountain peak,
Amidst the tavern thrust.

Like Aesop, the writers fall;
He was the first and Laugh King of them
all.
Yet guards pushed him over in a fall.
Poe, in the American Hall of Fame,
But Aesop and Poe both would say,
"It's all just the same."

TOMMY SNOW

LISTEN: JULY 7, 1945

For some first-rate CBS entertainment this summer, you might pin up this list right next to your radio:

EDWIN C. HILL—Sunday, 7 p.m. EWT in *Men of Vision.*

HUGH HERBERT—Sunday at 7:30 p.m. EWT in *That's My Pop.*

MARY ASTOR—Monday at 8:30 p.m. EWT in the *Merry Life of Mary Christmas.*

PAT O'BRIEN—Monday at 9:30 p.m. EWT in *The Sea Has a Story.*

NORMAN CORWIN—Tuesday at 9 p.m. EWT in *Columbia Presents Corwin.*

BRIAN AHERNE—Wednesday at 8 p.m. EWT in *The Saint.*

ANN SOTHERN—Wednesday at 10:30 p.m. EWT in *Maisie.*

RAY BOLGER—Friday at 10 p.m. EWT in the *Ray Bolger Show.*

DICK TODD—Saturday at 9 p.m. EWT in *Your Hit Parade.*

★

Pfc. George Welch Sr. is a Colonel's orderly and driver with the 89th Division at Camp Old Gold, somewhere in France. George Welch Jr. is 5½ years old and lives with his mother in Hollywood.

Recently George Jr. wrote to George Sr. and told him he'd be on the air on Columbia's *G.E. Houseparty* program at 4 p.m. EWT on Friday, June 22. George Sr. told his Colonel, his Colonel told SHAEF and SHAEF asked CBS please to shortwave the program to Paris so George Sr. could hear George Jr.

CBS said sure. So George Sr. traveled the 200 miles from Camp Old Gold to SHAEF and at the last minute everything went flooey because Armed Forces Radio policy doesn't permit commercials to be broadcast to the military. The commercials on *G.E. Houseparty* are skillfully woven throughout the text of the program and are hard to delete.

So for a bad moment it looked as if George Sr. had made his trip in vain. But CBS had made a recording of the program and intended, come hell or high-water, that George Sr. should hear his boy. CBS lifted from the recording the spot of dialogue in which Art Linkletter interviewed George Jr.; arranged with Press Wireless and SHAEF to hold open a special shortwave communication channel, and exactly at 4:54 p.m. EWT (10:54 Paris time), George Sr., listening at SHAEF in Paris, heard:

LINKLETTER (in Hollywood): Georgie, where is your Dad?

GEORGE JR.: In France.

LINKLETTER: What part of France?

GEORGIE: Just plain France.

LINKLETTER: Now, Georgie, what message do you want to send him?

GEORGIE: I love you, Daddy.

★

And speaking of commercials, a lot of homesick American boys overseas are less homesick because the Armed Forces Radio Stations rebroadcast many of the radio programs you listen to. With only one difference: the commercials are taken out. But to the boys on Saipan the words "A beautiful Eversharp Pen and Pencil set" bring memories of home just as real as Phil Baker's gags. So the Saipan radio announcer one day inserted his own commercial:

"Don't overlook our collapsible foxhole—no hurry, no rush, no dig-in."

★

If you don't think the Japs are worried about your Red Cross blood donations, you didn't hear what Col. Earle Boothe, head of the New York Red Cross Blood Bank, told Arthur Godfrey, head of GAPSALS (Give A Pint—Save A Life Society).

The Red Cross is now painting its blood containers an olive drab because the aluminum foil wrapping reflects the sun and Jap snipers have been knocking them off with alarming regularity.

Boothe told the story the other day on CBS at the fourth meeting of the GAPSALS. With the temperature hitting 90, Godfrey rounded up 1739 members, each of whom gave a pint, bringing the total donations of the Society to over 7000. The next meeting is September 15. That's plenty of notice for you to be there.

★

This is CBS
the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Why we stopped borrowing notebooks

A FRIEND OF OURS has a remarkable notebook. In it he keeps a catalogue of words. Words to describe weather. Words to describe women. Words to describe food.

When we wanted to write a piece about Camembert cheese, we borrowed the notebook. We turned to the section: Food, words to describe. And we made checks by the Camembert words.

For the golden crust, we chose *tender*. For the creamy center, a whole bouquet of words . . . *mellow, mild, smooth, delicate.*

We sprinkled these words through a paragraph of prose. We read it over. We stared at the words. The words stared back. Something was very wrong.

So we took out a package of Borden's Military Brand Camembert, and spread the cheese on a cracker. We tasted. We tasted again. We spread another cracker.

How foolish to consult a notebook! For the soul of Camembert is a gentle, fugitive thing. It cannot be captured in an adjective, or held in a net of sentences. It must be *enjoyed*—wordlessly and *abundantly!*

We spread another cracker.

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

Hotel LAST FRONTIER LAS VEGAS NEVADA

Plan ahead for the thrill of breath-taking desert mirages come true. Every luxury in this world famous "Early West in Modern Splendor" that must be seen to be believed.

Send for Colorful Folder

DEATH AND DICK TRACY

THE platoon was taking a break. Three of the men were sitting under a group of palm trees, talking. The youngest of them was a tall, black-haired kid. "Sure is something," he was saying. "They fought like hell here on Guadalcanal and look at it now—nothing but a lousy staging area. Bet two years ago we wouldn't be sitting here as calm as this. It must have been hot then, hey, Pop?"

Pop didn't answer, but Eddie, who was between the other two in age, grunted and said, "It's hot now. Look at my shirt."

Pop puffed on his pipe. He was sitting against one of the trees, a crumpled handkerchief covering his partly bald, wet head. "Must be the end of the war for real," he said. "I've set my can down in Africa, Italy, and now the Pacific. Not many more places left, except the States."

"You'll never see the States, Pop," said Eddie. "You and the kid are too big. When you come off them landing barges, first thing the Japs pick off is the big guys."

"You're just full of happy thoughts, Eddie," Pop said.

The kid was watching a formation of bombers approaching the island. He said, "Do they really pick off the big guys, Pop?"

"No, although I guess the big boys are easier targets. Why talk about it?"

"And the Japs've got a complex against big guys," Eddie said, watching the kid. "Being shrimps, they think a big man is important. They don't pay no mind to small, skinny guys like me."

The planes roared overhead and Pop said, "B-24s."

The kid said, "Must be swell to fly. Weren't you in the Air Corps, Pop?"

Eddie looked at Pop and laughed.

"Well," Pop said, "I never did no combat flying."

"But you flew a lot?"

"Sure, I used to hitch rides up and down Italy," Pop said.

"That's right. Tell him all about the wild blue yonder," Eddie said.

"At least I didn't spend my first year overseas running a goddam motion-picture projector," Pop said loudly.

"So what?" Eddie said smoothly. "Infantry has us both now. That was a good racket I had. Damn good."

The kid was still watching the planes in the distance. "Know what I think when I see a plane?" he asked. "It must be better dying up there. Sort of cleaner than if you get it in a foxhole or the jungle mud."

"What's everybody talking about dying for?" Pop said quickly. He turned to the kid. "Let me tell you something. The clouds may look nice and clean, but it's cold up there. You don't know how cold it gets around fifteen thousand feet. The inside of a plane is cold—nothing warm, all cold metal and gadgets and oil. You get a feeling like you don't belong, like a guy's place is on the ground. And when those babies go—Wham! They burn like tissue paper or explode before you know what happened."

"Anyway, what goes up comes down. You always end up in the ground," Eddie said.

"But you're dead then," the kid said. "I don't know. I'd hate to be looking at some damn pile of dirt and rocks knowing it's the last thing I'll see in my life. Up there, well, you can see the whole world, almost."

Pop laughed. "It's great up there, all right. Once at a base in Italy, a plane crashed as it landed, burned up. We were having fried chicken that night, first time in months. Nobody ate it because it smelled like the mess on the runway. Damn. Why talk about dying?"

Eddie said, "Then why don't *you* stop? Me, I'm the only guy that can talk. I seen Death himself once."

"You did?" the kid said.

"Yeah, he saw it in the movies, behind his projector," Pop said.

"No kidding," Eddie said. "I got pneumonia in Tunis. I was in the hospital with a hell of a temperature. Would have kicked off if they hadn't given me penicillin. Anyway, when I was out, I dreamed I was walking through a dark woods, a spooky joint. At the end there was a path that led out into the sunlight and green fields. Death was waiting there to take me along that path."

"And she was a tall, pretty girl, wearing white robes?" the kid asked.

"Death wasn't a girl; it was a man. Looked like Dick Tracy."

Pop sat up straight. "Dick Tracy?"

Eddie nodded. "A big, husky guy. Like Jack Holt used to look in the movies, strong and capable—like he could handle himself. He took my arm and said sort of quietly, 'Let's walk down the path, son.' I was going to do it, that path looked so warm and sunny. Then I hesitated. I guess that was when they gave me the penicillin. Dick Tracy just smiled and said, 'No rush. Take your time. I'll be back later.' Then he walked down the path and left me in the woods. He had *some* shoulders."

The kid said, "I always thought Death would be like an angel. That's the way they got it in posters. My old man is a hot rock in the American Legion—makes speeches about our hallowed dead, the debt we owe them, they did not die in vain." The kid grinned. "Bet he's bulling about 'my son in the far-flung Pacific' right now."

"That's a lot of bunk," Pop said. "Whether they died in vain or not doesn't matter, and if we owe them a debt, it don't count—they're dead. The dead never collect anything but worms."

"That's no way to talk," Eddie said.

"Aw, go back to your comic strip," Pop said. "A dead guy's dead."

"Maybe they get a reward in heaven," the kid said seriously.

Pop said, "Then we don't owe 'em nothing on earth."

"I don't know," the kid said. "If a guy dies, we owe him something. He died fighting for his country."

"That's right," Eddie said.

"Don't give me no speeches," Pop said fiercely. The sweat was starting to roll down his big face. "The dead are dead; they can't collect. Sure, we owe his family plenty. We owe the live soldier something, and not just fancy words. Me, I been in since I was thirty-two. Four years out of my life at this stage of the game is bad. Hell, you're kids. You don't know what a guy pushing forty has to do to get a job."

"Plenty of work selling apples on the street corners," Eddie said.

The kid said, "Maybe we'll get a bonus."

"What the hell good is a bonus?" Pop said. "A handout don't last. I just want some peace, not have to worry too much, work at a decent job. Me and the wife don't ask for much—steady job, a little apartment, some clothes, take in a show now and then. Maybe we'll even try to have a kid if the war is over before she has her change of life."

Eddie laughed.

Pop turned on him. "You laugh too much. What's so damn funny about that?"

"Nothing," Eddie said quickly.

"Damn right, nothing," Pop said. "The Army's no place to get old in. That's why I don't like this talk about dying. I mean, I want to collect what's coming to me. They used to talk a lot about fighting for freedom from want

PSST! NEED SOME PRESTIGE?

All right, you *weren't* one of Ten Best-Dressed Men! But have any of *them* the social fascination, the enigmatic skill, that we're about to give you?

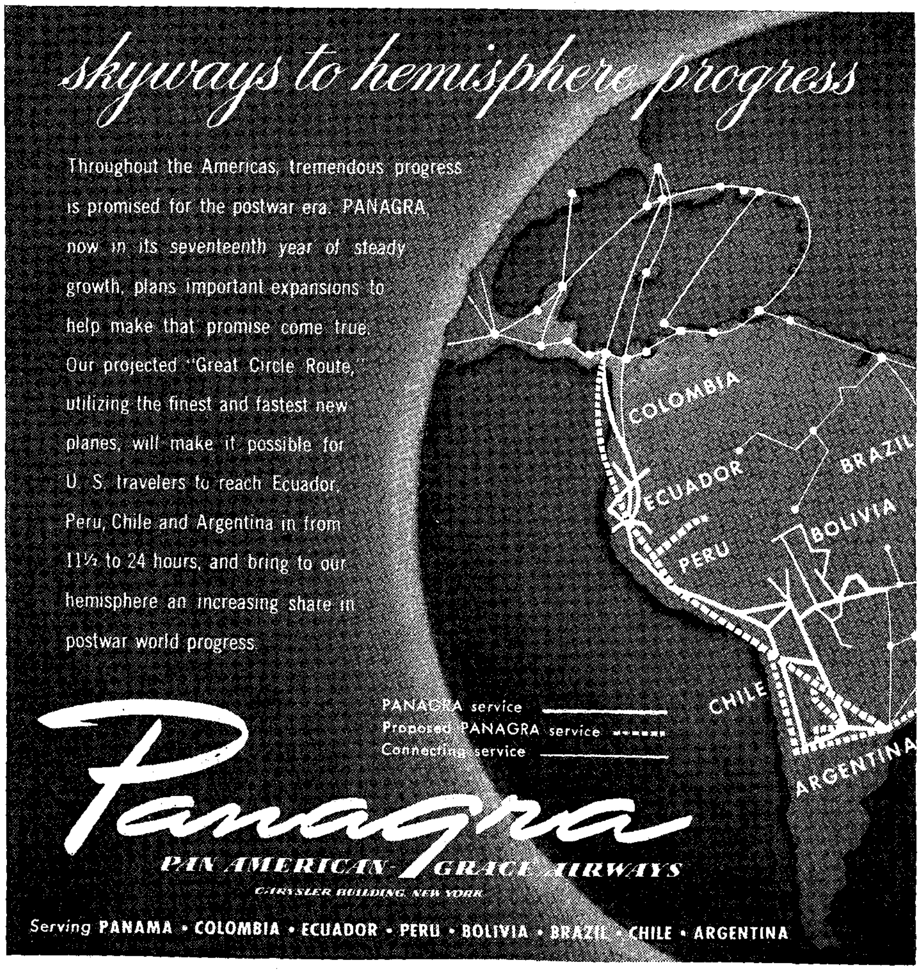
Come closer. *Entre nous,* there's a booklet. It's called "Feats of Balancing." It's full of baffling, entertaining balancing stunts with which you—using only props from any kitchen—can make your male guests give low whistles. (The gals will flutter their eyelashes at you.)

And these balancing secrets are from the TOP. From Carstairs, no less—practically the inventors and sole patentees of balancing. Which is eloquently proven, as you know, in Carstairs White Seal whiskey, the Perfectly Balanced Blend.

Now, "Feats of Balancing" would be a best-seller—except that we're GIVING it away. *Quick*—write for your free copy to Carstairs Bros., Inc., Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. 17. Then yoicks, and into the limelight!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.



skyways to hemisphere progress

Throughout the Americas, tremendous progress is promised for the postwar era. PANAGRA, now in its seventeenth year of steady growth, plans important expansions to help make that promise come true. Our projected "Great Circle Route," utilizing the finest and fastest new planes, will make it possible for U. S. travelers to reach Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Argentina in from 11½ to 24 hours, and bring to our hemisphere an increasing share in postwar world progress.

Panagra
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS
CHRYSLER BUILDING NEW YORK

Serving PANAMA • COLOMBIA • ECUADOR • PERU • BOLIVIA • BRAZIL • CHILE • ARGENTINA newspaper EXTRAS don't always have headlines!

The Oregon Journal's ten demonstration victory gardens in Portland are newspaper extras in the liveliest sense!

Inaugurated to furnish an *extra* service to thousands of aspiring Victory gardeners, the first Journal demonstration garden was started the spring after Pearl Harbor. From this single garden have sprouted the current ten. Each is open for inspection and is close to transportation. Strategically located throughout the city, these backyard "food factories" serve as pace-makers for Portlands' Victory gardening campaign.

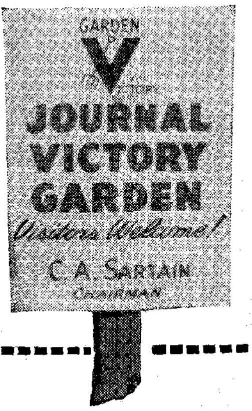
The gardens are owned and operated by a picked group of amateurs from all walks of life . . . an elevator operator, a psychiatrist, an electrical engineer, a real estate broker, to name a few. They are all average citizens who share a love for getting their fingers into the soil, who can make things grow. Because they have a knack for showing other folks how and a patriotic willingness to do it, The Journal invited them to be its demonstration gardeners.

Each spring, The Journal inaugurates the Victory garden season with a series of evening rallies held in Portland school auditoriums. Here experts explain the principles of successful gardening, soil preparation, planting, pest control. Then come The Journal's demonstration gardens where eager amateurs can actually see "how to do it". Spearheading and co-ordinating the entire campaign is the Sunday Journal's GARDEN Magazine replete with practical suggestions, timely tips for gardeners and weekly reports on the progress of the demonstration gardens.

It is typical of The Oregon Journal's understanding of the needs of the community that it should have a garden editor who has his ear to the ground when it comes to finding out what Portlanders want . . . typical of The Journal to have its entire staff keyed to Portland's tastes in *newspaper extras!* Whether it's the latest foreign, domestic or local news they want . . . or homely, important advice about how to hoe a straight row . . . Portland folks know they get it when they turn to The Journal!

THE JOURNAL
PORTLAND, OREGON
Afternoon and Sunday
Member . . . . Metropolitan
and Pacific Parade Groups

National Representatives REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD, Inc.
New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles



and fear. Don't hear much about that now. All they talk about is who is going to get this island or run that country. Freedom from want and worry, that's the payoff, what I'm going to collect. After the war, I figure, a soldier's entitled to as much peace and happiness as they can give him. That's why I want to be around."

THE beefy sergeant at the head of the platoon stood up and blew a whistle. "Shake the lead out! Shake the lead out!" he shouted.

The men lined up quickly. Eddie said, "One good thing, the sergeant is big. Maybe the Japs'll get *him*."

"You're as funny as a boil," Pop said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

The platoon started walking down the road in two columns, one column on each side of the road. The kid was in front of Pop. After a while, he said over his shoulder, "Don't worry. We'll get a bonus. My old man wrote me the Legion is starting to plug it already." Pop shook his head sadly.

Eddie was in the other column. He looked over at Pop and laughed. "Take it easy, Pop," he said. "Maybe the Legion can put in a good word for you with Dick Tracy, too."—LEN ZINBERG

•

FAIR AND COOLER

The W.P.B. announces that this summer there will be a larger supply of Freon, the fluid used in railroad air-conditioning units.—*News item.*

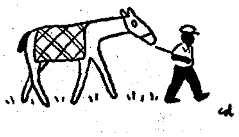
Remember how it was before
That precious Freon went to war,
How thoroughly one's blood congealed
In cars hermetically sealed?
Even at ninety in the shade
The five-fifteen was well glacéed,
While zephyrs not of sea or land
Blew down and chemically fanned
Our fevered brows. No extra fare
To breathe refrigerated air.
Then came the days when, homeward
  bound,
We caught a salty whiff of Sound
And always, after New Rochelle,
Were conscious of a country smell.
Windows and doors were open wide
While we sat sweating out the ride.
And then it was we lost our freeze
To government priorities.
But now it looks as though we're due
For reconversion and a new
Supply of Freon to insure
A tolerable temperature,
Plus (and I'd much prefer it minus)
Stiff necks and the commuter's sinus.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

THE RACE TRACK

Hard Going

THE other afternoon one of this department's listening posts overheard a first-time visitor to Aqueduct complain that in hours of tramping around the place his feet had never once been off concrete. The visitor added wistfully that all race tracks should have grass-covered paddocks, as well as trees under which horses could be saddled. That's old-fashioned. The race track of the future, which is undoubtedly going to be built just as soon as the war is over, will have an air-conditioned paddock, equipped with television, and everything except the track itself will be concrete. Right now, Aqueduct, the newest and smallest of Long Island's courses, is doing all right without either grass *or* air-conditioning. The attendance at the opening, Monday of last week, was nearly thirty thousand and the crowds have been large ever since. Horseplayers like to be uncomfortable, apparently.



ONE of the disappointments of the week was the failure of Stymie in the Queens County Handicap on opening day. Because he had finished second to Devil Diver in the Suburban, and because he was ridden by Arcaro, who is awfully good right now (Arcaro rode three winners that afternoon), Stymie was a hot favorite. Just before the start of the race, he balked; he sat down in his stall in the starting gate and got so tangled up that it took considerable pulling and hauling by the assistant starters to put him on his feet again. The mishap must have taken a lot out of him, but he managed to finish a fairly close second, behind Olympic Zenith. I haven't kept track of how many horses have been hurt in the stall gate this season, but I daresay that the length of the list would surprise people.

I hardly know what to say about Esteem. He ran no better on his first appearance at Aqueduct than he did on his first at Belmont Park. Perhaps he takes after his mamma, Esposa, who, you may remember, needed a lot of racing to wind her up to her best form. We'll know more about that after we see him in the $10,000 Shevlin Stakes and the $50,000 Dwyer Stakes next week.

HAVE you ever noticed that gray horses seem to be either very good or just plain incompetent? Look it up sometime if you don't believe me. What reminded me of this was the return of First Fiddle, who is a gray and one of the good ones. While he doesn't gallop with quite his old freedom—after all, he's six now and housemaid's knee or some such infirmity may be creeping up on him—there are races in the old fellow yet. Devil Diver, you know, must give him nine pounds in the Brooklyn Handicap. Incidentally, Devil Diver, who's been assigned 132 pounds in the Brooklyn, has to spot Rounders, the recent winner of both the Dixie and the Suffolk Handicaps, six pounds. I hope he can do it.

INSTEAD of concerning yourself with the dismal problem of picking daily doubles, you might spend your weekend reading "American Race Horses, 1944," the ninth yearbook of the series published by Lieutenant Alfred Vanderbilt's Sagamore Press. This book, which was written by Joe H. Palmer, is the neatest, most entertaining, most thoughtful work on the thoroughbred that I've come across in a long time. It not only tells you what the forty leading horses did last season but what they look like, and it includes such lagniappe as the true story about Devil Diver's limp, how Bossuet got his name, and so on. Mr. Palmer turns a nice phrase, too. The book has the customary charts of all the important stakes races and is generously illustrated. The edition is limited to a thousand copies and sells for fifteen dollars. You can get it at your bookdealer's or from *The Stake Bulletin*, Box 109, Belair, Maryland.

DIOGENES CHECKPOINTS reports that one of the more successful bettors at Aqueduct these days is a railroad man who always wagers exactly $600 to show and wins practically all his bets. Knowing the fallibility of Jack's Little Green Card and the like, Diogenes thinks that the fellow must be getting his handicap figures from the columns of a Long Island Railroad timetable. —AUDAX MINOR

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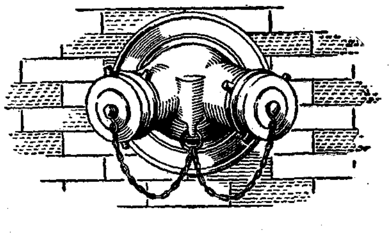
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Cairo Egyptian Mail*]

H.E. the British Ambassador and Lady Killearn last night gave their seventh and last cocktail party in celebration of VE-Day.



SIAMESE SHIN BARKER

Smugly lurking at shin level on the outside of many a well-protected building is a strange device known as a Siamese Connection.

These connections have probably skinned more shins, ruined more dispositions, made more enemies than any other gadget in the U. S.

Functionally, however, they may be called perfect. When the building they protect has a fire, a fire department engine pumps water through them from the street hydrant into the standpipe inside the building. This water then flows, at increased pressure, into the building's sprinkler system or hose connections.

Once a fire has been put out, the Siamese Connection is through. And that's where Atlantic Fire Insurance comes in. It gives you a prompt and ungrudging adjustment and a profit-sharing dividend, with no deduction for individual losses.

1842 1945

Back of each policy is Atlantic's unquestioned financial strength, its 103-year record of meeting every obligation in full and its reputation as one of America's oldest and strongest insurance companies.

Discuss Atlantic Fire Insurance with your own broker or agent. We believe he will recommend it. Ask him also about Atlantic insurance for your furs, jewelry, fine arts, and other personal property.

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Wonderful, straight or half and half with brandy!

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DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

A truly distinguished after-dinner liqueur! Made in America and honoring a name 250 years old. Enjoy Delecta neat or with brandy.

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DE KUYPER
DELECTA

Who's bidding *WHAT*... on the Location of Your Post War Plant

COMPARE every bid you get . . . with these Connecticut advantages . . . a huge, industrious beehive of highly skilled workmen with Yankee precision, speed, efficiency and ingenuity. An exceptional record of management-labor teamwork with 99% of labor disputes settled by *mediation* and *arbitration.* Exceptional transportation facilities. Close to America's greatest markets as well as the major sources of semi-finished materials.

A balanced State budget—and no State Income Tax.

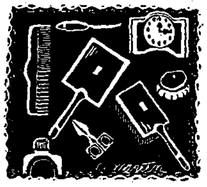
Write for information, Department 68, Connecticut Development Commission, State Office Building, Hartford, Conn.

You'll make the *RIGHT* connections . . in CONNECTICUT

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE gift shops are full of useful summer stuff, and none of it makeshift, either. At Bergdorf Goodman, there are Lucite things in almost prewar abundance—magazine racks, wastebaskets, trays, clothes hangers, hatstands, table mats, boxes, and especially a vast Lucite salad bowl that couldn't be more beautiful and could hardly be bigger. It's a salad bowl in which you can actually *toss* a salad. Big as it is, the bowl is as light as a soap bubble and, in fact, looks something like one, or maybe I'd better say half of one. Squarish Lucite tossing tools with good long handles go with it. There are even table place mats, which are large, thick, and rigid, in colorless, transparent Lucite or in deep, smoky green Lucite. You can have hand-painted designs or monograms on them if you like.



Bergdorf has some wonderful closet boxes (not, as it happens, made of Lucite, which was probably just an oversight) for people who haven't all the household space they'd like. These can be folded flat and stored away in a drawer when they aren't being used. The boxes are covered with a flowery chintz. There are two designs: hatbox size, at $3.50, and shirtwaist size, at $4.

Bergdorf has also made up some blanket covers in such summery stuffs as flowered marquisette, dotted swiss, and batistes in eggshell, pink, blue, or tea rose with all-over embroidery in self-color. The covers look good enough to be used as spreads. There are ruffled pillow shams to match the marquisette and the dotted swiss. A set of a single cover and a sham is $20 to $30. A somewhat more tailored set is made of sheer white nylon (yes, nylon) that has a lacy pattern worked into the weave. The nylon is cool to the touch, smooth, and has a crisp texture rather like tissue paper.

Next, there are some lap robes of soft, light, leopard-spotted plush lined with a wool tweed that is equally soft and light. You can have your choice of red, beige, or Kelly green. They'd be nice, I'd say, for chilly knees on the terrace after dusk—not that you always have to wait until after dusk this summer to chill your knees. They're $27.50. There are other things for terraces, too—all-glass, table-size hurricane candlesticks with squat, solid bases ($8 a pair), and an oversized but lightweight serving tray of bleached oak and a folding stand. Finally, there is even a Thermos ice tub. It's $25, in an aluminum finish that they say won't tarnish.

ALTMAN'S Country Shop is well stocked, as it usually is, with furniture in the Early American styles (including the Pennsylvanian), as well as with suitable modern furbelows for dressing up the plainness of primitive pine and cherry and maple. The lampshades are the most successful of these furbelows. I especially liked the opaque paper ones with pierced and cutout decorations that reveal starry patterns when the light is on. In dark and light colors, of which I liked best the gold. A good assortment of antique beds is on hand right now. Some of the more massive ones have been cut down to twin-bed size for small bedrooms. And the shop has rounded up old dining chairs, mostly in the Hitchcock style, in sets of six and even eight. The set of six wooden-seat Hitchcocks that still have their painted decorations on the backs is perfect for someone who needs just that many simple, sturdy chairs for a covered dining terrace or an unpretentious country dining room. Other sets are dressier and correspondingly more expensive.

BY this time, anyone might be excused for balking at the idea of hearing about even one more piece of old ironwork painted white, or painted anything, and converted to a use for which it was never intended. Well, balk if you like, but after a bit, you may feel equal to going down to see what Lord & Taylor have done about this hackneyed idea. Their collection includes lamp bases, wall brackets, candle sconces, fire screens, plant stands, and the like made out of pieces of some admirably hand-forged old iron estate gates. The things have been given a coat of flat white paint, which makes the metal look even lacier than it is. The lamp bases are tall and slender, having been made, for the most part, from leaf sprays, flat strips of scrollwork, and some elaborate bits that look as if they might once have been gatepost finials. They'd go well in any sort of room, traditional or modern, that can use a white lamp to advantage. There are other lamps, made from old doorstops, and there is one, or was the day I was there—a white iron easel-type mirror with a white-shaded lamp perched on top of it—that is just the thing for a dressing table. The terrace tables and garden benches have thick white wooden tops on iron legs, some plainly old sewing-machine legs and others harder to identify; there are umbrella racks to use as plant stands (or, if you insist, as umbrella racks); there are acanthus-leaf rosettes of iron that have been fitted with cups to hold from one to six candles. These candelabra would make fairly unusual table decorations, particularly the ones that have been topped off with fat, urn-shaped hurricane globes. Vertical panels of elaborate grillwork, with rings to hold plant pots, are pleasant things to stand before fireplace openings in summer, if you feel you must stand something before fireplace openings in summer. One of these, which you can see here on duty in front of a dummy fireplace, holds four small white pots of quite creditable manufactured ivy that might interest people whose apartments are hostile to honest plant life. The pots, filled with this ersatz greenery, are $2.95 each.

RICHARD THIBAUT, the wallpaper man, at 269 Madison Avenue (39th), also has something for concealing a fireplace opening. It's a great, spreading wallpaper fan, which you can have made up of any Thibaut paper. It can be made to match your walls, if they happen to bear a Thibaut paper, or it can be something chintzy in the way of a rose pattern (rose patterns seem to adapt themselves especially well to this use). The fans are quite attractive, even to one as bewildered as I am at the whole idea of hiding a fireplace when there isn't a fire in it. I suppose a grille or a fan does keep people from throwing burnt matches and cigarette butts into your clean grate. Perhaps that's enough, at that. —B. B.

•

HIROHITO'S HORSE GETS A BREAK

London, June 3—(UP)—Tokyo today expressed concern over the welfare of Emperor Hirohito and complained that the war interferes with his horseback-riding.

"One hundred million Japanese are filled with trepidation to learn that our emperor has augustly been carrying out his daily routine work despite successive enemy raids on the capital," said the broadcast.

"It is rare now for the emperor to find leisure for horseback-riding."—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Hon. Tail now wagging horse?

"Pierre is going to stay after all.
I just gave him a bottle of William Penn!"

POPULAR since 1898, William Penn Blended Whiskey owes its superior flavor to "high-point blending." ★ ★ ★ This means that William Penn is blended at the exact point where fine base whiskeys provide the maximum of full rich taste, and softened neutral spirits contribute the ultimate in mellowness. ★ ★ ★ Sign up for enjoyment with William Penn.

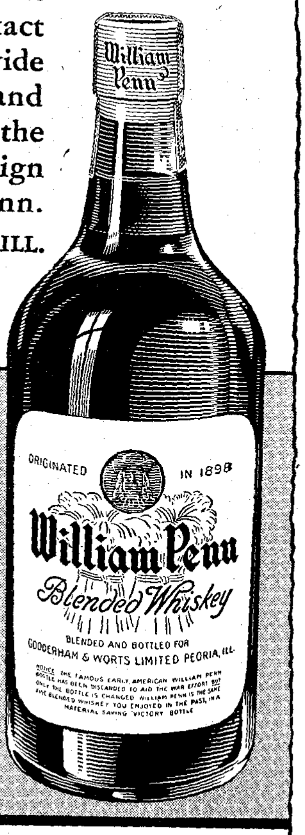
GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof
65% grain neutral spirits

MILLIONS SAY "WHEN" WITH

William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS


William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED PEORIA, ILL.

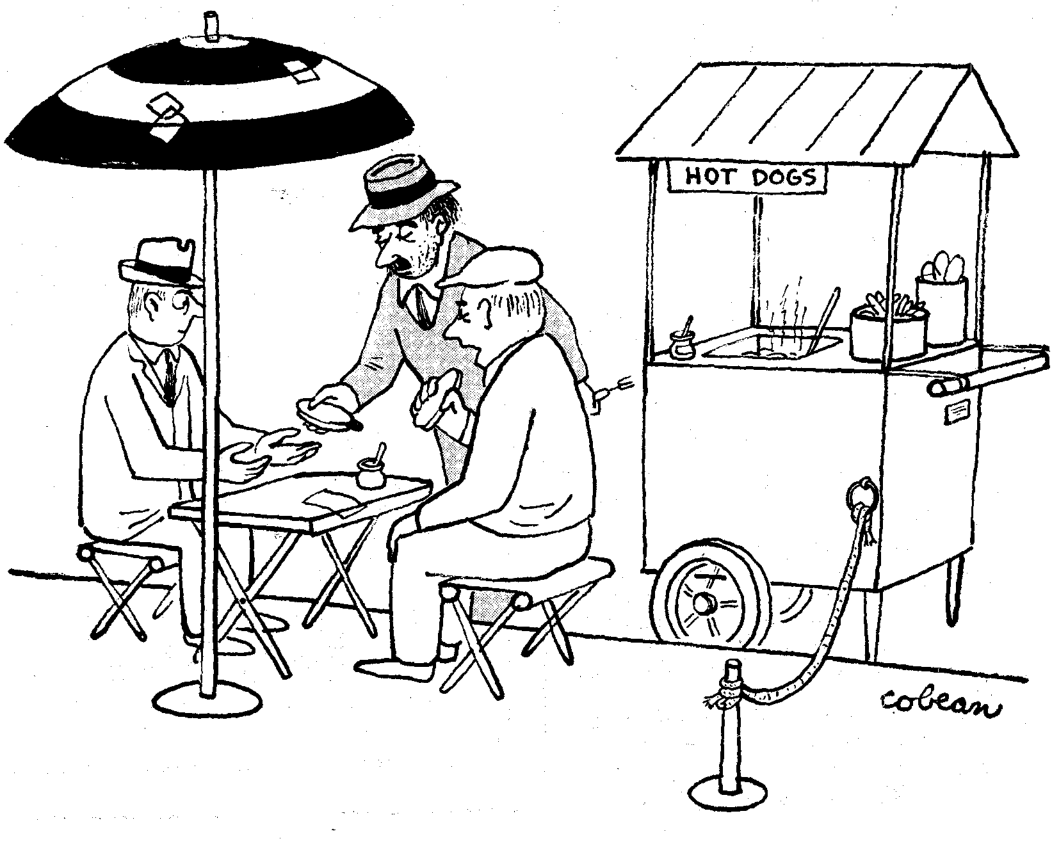
LETTER FROM ROME

June 28 (by wireless)

THE period between the resignation of the Bonomi Government, known hereabouts as the Bonomi Camomile (or sedative) and the appointment of Premier Parri is commonly referred to as a "crisis." However, to a good many thoughtful and detached Italians I've talked with, this is like saying that a man who has been in bed for years with a fever of 104 has a crisis whenever his temperature jumps to 105. Doctors are hurriedly summoned, there are excited conferences and consultations, the fever drops a degree, but the patient very likely feels just as miserable as he did before. Whatever it is that Italy suffers from probably cannot be cured merely by a change of premiers and cabinets, these Italians feel. On the whole, they appear highly pleased with the new government, but they point out that certain fundamental ambiguities must be cleared up before any Italian government can be effective. Most of all, they want the Allies to settle Italy's status. Let's drop this fiction of cobelligerency, they beg, and be honest with each other. Is Italy to become a respected member of the United Nations—that is, of the world—or is she to be treated as an enemy? They insist that until that is known, nothing is known. They would be grateful for a clear statement of Allied intentions on one or two other points. We—that is, the Allies—have made sacrifices and given aid that can never be repaid, but we have been here quite a while now and, although we are liberators, presumably interested in creating a democratic way of life, we have done many odd and disturbing things. These Italians are more than puzzled by our preservation of the House of Savoy. They are humiliated not by our harsh armistice terms (most Italians I have spoken to seem to feel that it was only just that a man like Badoglio, who was among those most guilty, should be forced to sign for Italy's guilt) but by our subsequent bestowal of official blessings on many of the culpable men, thus tacitly calling all Italy Fascist and forcing anti-Fascists to coöperate with their enemies inside the government. Also, they have, perhaps, a growing fear that, whereas the Americans give every indication that they intend to pack their bags presently and leave Italy to the Italians, the British may decide that, the mellow climate and the broad, blue Mediterranean being what they are, it would be nice to stay on indefinitely. "Sometimes I think we are slated to become a little Egypt," one man remarked to me the other day.

All this notwithstanding, politics appears to be of little concern to the majority of the people of Rome. Even in normal times, supposedly, their approach to political problems is roughly that of a somnambulist who attends a large rally, cheers politely, and returns home without knowing he has left the house. Climate may account for this phenomenon, or perhaps it's simply the result of cynicism induced by living in the shadow of too many relics of too many old governments. For the past month, political leaders from the more vigorous north have poured into Rome, bustling with energy, carrying briefcases, and looking like Eric Johnston; by the end of their first day of conferences with politicians down here, they have aged noticeably. I was struck by this recently when I talked to a friend of mine from Milan, the editor of a middle-of-the-road-party paper, who had flown down for some consultations. In Milan he had been a vibrant little man—intense, garrulous, and provocative. Now his shoulders were bowed and he was dispirited and uncommunicative. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Rome," he said wearily. "Just Rome."

AFTER a year of Allied occupation, Rome is still struggling toward normality. Street lights are faint at best, and many are not working at all. Home consumption of electricity is supposed to be limited to the equivalent of one dim bulb for each room, burning approximately three hours a day, but the rule is hard to enforce and many people have discovered that by putting little sticks in their meters they can keep them from recording the power consumed. Most hotels have been requisitioned by the Allies. Prices in the restaurants open to the public are literally prohibitive except to the very rich (who, as someone has said here, have "survived brilliantly, under Fascism, through war, and in peace") and the *nouveaux riches* of the black market. Many of the black-market people are former maids and porters. Wearing shoes that cost the equivalent of a hundred and twenty dollars and five-hundred-dollar suits, they consider it almost degrading to pay only fifteen or twenty dollars for a meal. As usual, the middle classes have suffered the most, and ever since the Nazi occupation they have been gradually disposing of their possessions. "Staying alive a couple of years ago," one middle-class Italian said to me, "meant waking up each morning, looking around the room, and deciding whether today it would be the bed, the bureau, or the old family candlesticks." Conditions have improved



somewhat, but every newspaper contains such pathetic little advertisements as "Rather urgently, a lady sells, at small price, a radio, binoculars, sewing machine, and double bed" and "Suit of English material—as new—average size."

Basically, there are only two thriving businesses, the black market and the camionettes. The electric buses are out of commission, and although the street cars are running, most travel that is not done on foot is done in camionettes, private cars converted into something like open trucks, with benches facing each other. Often these have motorcycle motors and sound like an air attack. Hundreds of camionettes line up at the principal corners and in the *piazzi* and make runs on regular schedules, at twenty lire a ride. When jammed full, with people dripping from the sides, they remind one of E. M. Forster's description of a train in India, but to their customers they are, however horrendous, a blessing. "I never ride in one without imagining that I am in a tumbrel," a lady said to me, "but it gets me home."

A good many schools now serve as barracks for refugees from bombed-out towns, but other schools are just schools, and they are operated in shifts. By and large, parents have simply had to stop worrying about the effect of the war years on their children. "Believe me, at eight or ten they are aware of the problems of life," one mother said recently. "Almost every day my daughter comes home with another dreadful tale. One schoolmate has just learned that her cousin up north was buried alive; another child in the class has died of tuberculosis; another now knows that her father died in Germany, in a labor camp. And so it goes. If we keep them alive and healthy, we feel we're doing all we can do. And the education is good today. No more memorizing the names of hundreds of obscure villages in Ethiopia!"

MANY lovely things in Rome are as they were before the war. The flower stalls are

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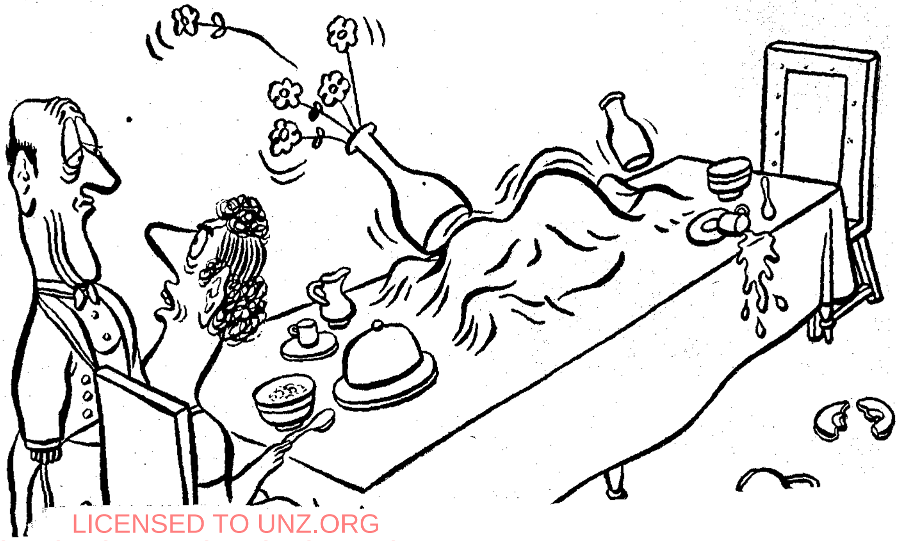

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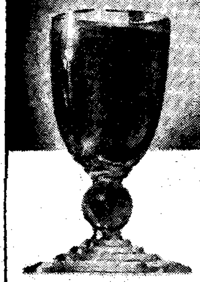

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leries. One pleasant distraction during a tour of the exhibit, particularly for foreigners, is afforded by a guard who was a handyman around the palace during the Fascist days. Given the slightest encouragement, he leaps into action, puffing out his chest, popping his eyes, projecting his lower lip, and uttering insane, guttural noises in imitation of the late Duce. He especially delights in pointing out a low window seat in Mussolini's enormous chamber—low enough to shield its occupant against chance bullets from outside—where the Duce spent many mornings dozing over his newspaper or eating grapes and spitting the seeds on the floor.

In order to make it easier for customers under the existing transportation conditions, plays start at five-thirty in the afternoon and many of them run only a week or two in one theatre before moving to another, in the manner of shows that played the old subway circuit. By far the most popular drama this season is "Napoli Milionaria," a realistic picture of latter-day family life in Naples and of the moral decay resulting from a wife's extensive buying in the black market. Topical revues come and go, but a diverting one called "Cantachiaro"—the title is the name of a contemporary humorous weekly and the revue is something like our old "Little Shows"—has been running for months and is now in its second edition. It sells out every night. In addition to kidding the Italians, "Cantachiaro" does some kidding of the Allies, a tangible and heartening sign of freedom. Under the Germans, no such nonsense was permitted, and any references to affairs of the day were either diluted to pointlessness or shrouded in foggy allegory. Now it is possible to hear jokes—not too funny, really—about jeeps, Allied soldiers and Italian women, rush tours of Rome, and gum chewing on the Via del Tritone. Not all of "Cantachiaro" is humorous. In one sketch, which has a touching, childlike quality, Scampola—a traditional, engaging Italian street gamine—dreams that she breaks into the San Francisco Conference and faces the big powers, who rather stuffily inform her that she has no business being there. "You have been a Fascist," they say. "But how can you blame me for that? I am only eighteen," cries Scampola, who then makes a fervent speech pleading to be allowed to join the Conference and eventually is told all right, she *can* join. That's all there is to it, but the evening I saw "Cantachiaro," most of the audience burst noisily into tears at this sketch.

A comedy called "Arsenico e Vecchi Merletti" is currently an immense success. The locale is still Brooklyn; the two old ladies are still mild but deadly; the orthodox number of corpses are disposed of; Teddy Roosevelt continues to run upstairs shouting "Charge!" Also, the victims are still done in by elderberry wine, now known as *sambuco*.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(TINKLING OF DISTANT TIN DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. DINGELL. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

MR. KNUTSON. I yield to the gentleman from Michigan.

MR. DINGELL. The gentleman was corrected on that statement in the hearings to the effect that there was only one tin mill in the United States located down in Texas, and it came in only recently during this war.

MR. KNUTSON. Oh, we have been making American tinware for years and years and years.

MR. DINGELL. That is not a tin mill.

MR. KNUTSON. I am standing by my statement.

MR. DINGELL. Not tin mills. The gentleman cannot stand on it.

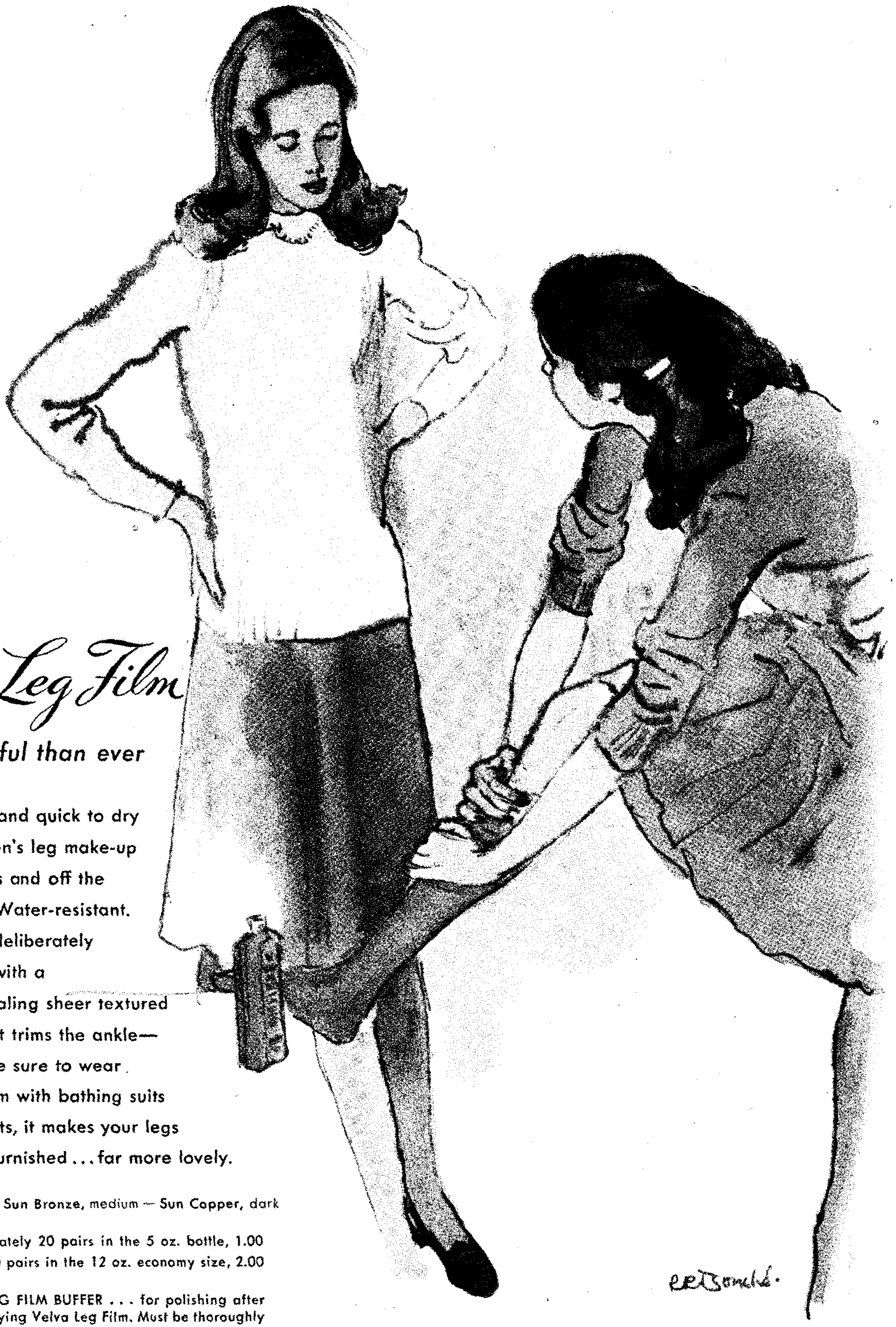
MR. KNUTSON. I am talking about the manufacture of tinware.

MR. DINGELL. That is a different story, tinware and tin mills.

MR. KNUTSON. If the gentleman wants to argue the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum, I will be glad to yield some time to him later.

MR. DINGELL. There is no such difference here now. A tin mill is different from tinware.

MR. KNUTSON. I am too busy to argue the difference.



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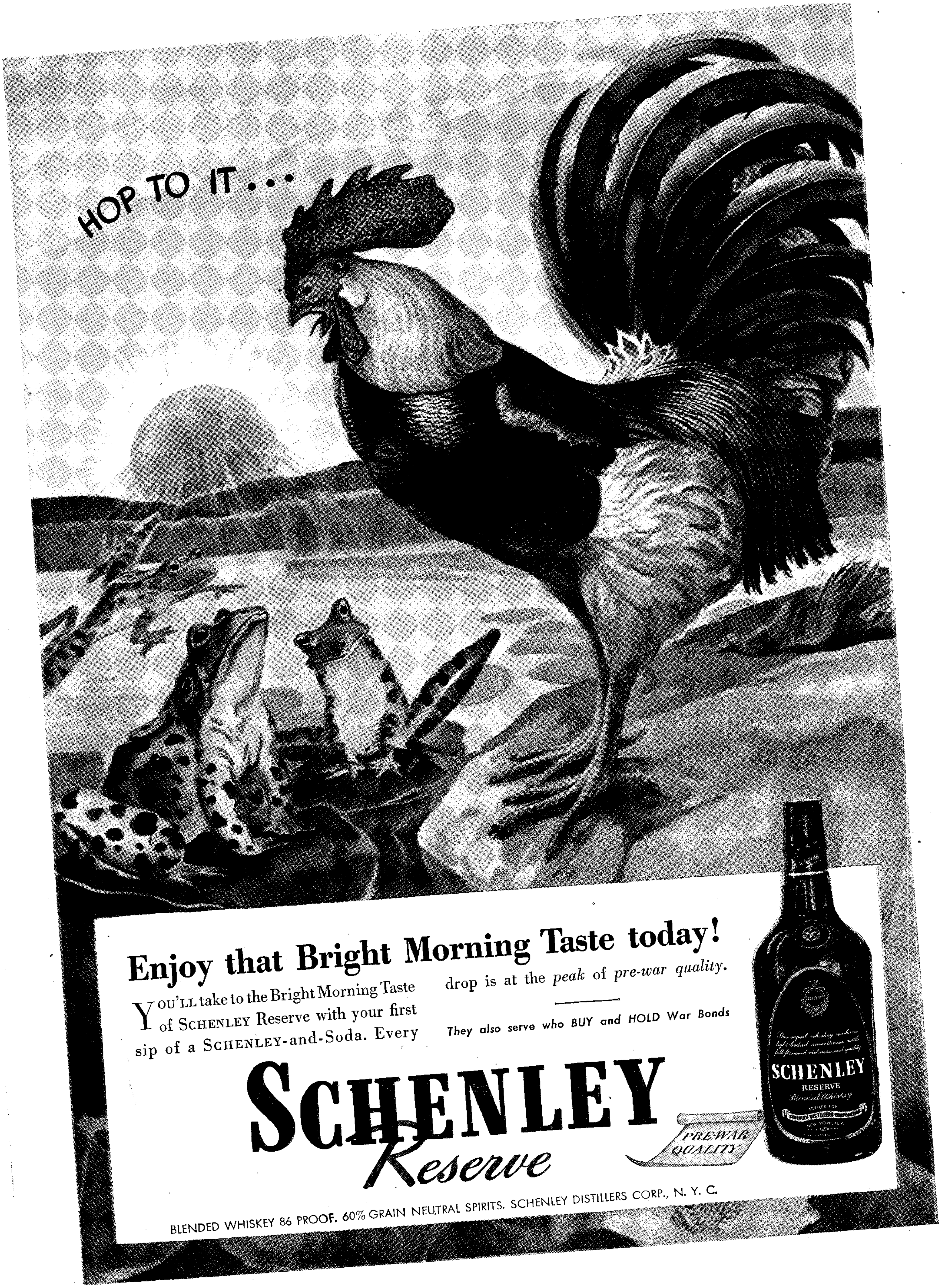
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TABLES FOR TWO

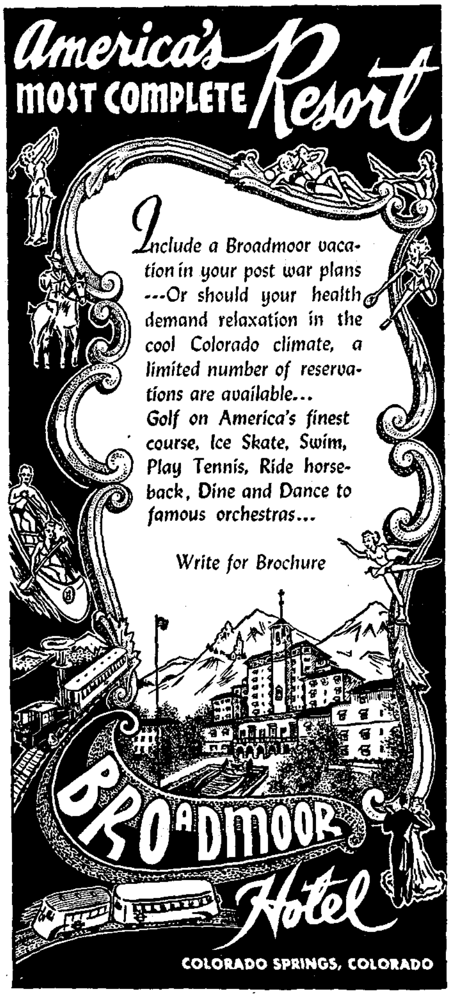
In the Usual Old Summertime

CUSTOM being a rigid matter in the trade, several of the roofs around New York opened up at the usual time, now some weeks ago, in spite of what their thermometers must have been telling them. Except during a couple of outbursts of grossly overheated weather, the more open-air places of the lot have been a great deal cooler than anyone had ever thought possible. They have been a great deal windier and damper, too, at times. There was a night on the Biltmore Roof when the universe was plainly coming apart outside the windows and the waiters looked as though they were momentarily expecting an order to abandon ship. In the end the waiters compromised by abandoning the customers, a not uncommon procedure these days. It was a nice idea for the Biltmore to reopen its roof, which lay fallow last season. After all, great and historic nights, nights that shaped the lives of a generation now going a bit gray at the temples, have occurred on the Biltmore Roof. Nostalgia, for such people, is closely associated with these premises, and the management went so far as to enhance the atmosphere by opening up for the season with a couple of veteran troupers, Henry Busse and Cardini. Occasionally, the illusion of yesterday was perfect, as when Busse stopped being roguish at the audience and revived "Wang Wang Blues" on his silvery-sweet trumpet, or as when Cardini did his enviable mysteries with decks of cards and lighted cigarettes. Cardini is the traditional magician—tailcoat, silk hat, opera cape, gloves, walking stick, monocle, the look of surprise at his own deftness, and the sotto-voce "By Jove!" that accompanies his tricks—and the night I was there he aroused one of the gloomiest audiences I have ever seen. But even Cardini was not enough to make things stay lively. As soon as he had gone, the old place dozed off again, and after what seemed a decent interval I went away too, leaving it to dream of its golden youth.

Life on the other roofs is about what it was a year ago. It might, however, be noted that the top floor of the St. Regis, which is handsome in its own right, is further embellished with handsome young ladies waltzing about in the arms of young men in uniform who look very pleased about what they have come home to. Their interest is, understandably, dancing, and so that there will be no waste of time, the St. Regis has put its mechanized bandstand to work again. There are two small but pleasant orchestras, under the direction of Paul Sparr and Theodora Brooks. When it is time for one of them to take a rest, the platform descends with all hands into the floor and the other band slides, in full cry, out of a wall. It is a trick that a man of Cardini's stature could do with a knife and fork, but it is engaging enough to stop the show night after night, I am told by devotees of the place.

TO the ground-floor and basement night clubs, summer is a sometime thing, and this year they have not let it bother them at all. Café Society Uptown, for example, has just launched its most ambitious project in months—bringing Paula Laurence and Georgia Gibbs back to the life in which they belong. The impact—and impact is surely the word—of Miss Laurence on the average night-club visitor is tremendous, and often upsetting, for her burlesquing of the mannerisms and clichés of the world of entertainers can become so withdrawn that even her special clientele is sometimes not sure what is going on. For a few years she abandoned night life to adorn the musical-comedy stage, but to almost no purpose since no one could think of anything comic for her to say. And before that interlude, there were times in her night-club career when she seemed distinctly unfunny by any standards. Hearing her the other night at Café Society, back in the hands of Bob Framm, her original collaborator, who is again helping out at the piano, I suspected once more, as I have in the past, that she may be one of the great women of our time. Miss Gibbs, too, is in refreshing form. Her repertory of songs, in general reflecting the Tin Pan Alley approach to passion, requited and otherwise, is admirably suited to that husky voice of hers. A lot of very visible work goes into everything she does, but the effect, though perhaps studied, is excellent.

The rest of the show has Josh White as Josh White (a very fine Josh White), Beatrice Kraft as ballerina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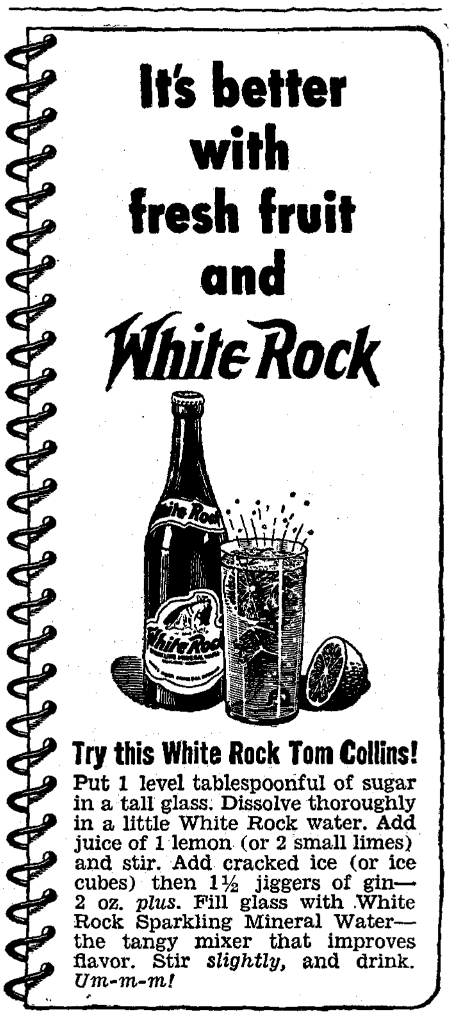
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HAPPY SHAVERS

SCHERK
NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

(Oriental dances in Harlem tempo, and kind of wonderful), and Edmond Hall as leader of the band. Mr. Hall does a Metropolitan Opera House job of conducting for the show, and he is particularly deft in accenting the introspective humor of Miss Kraft's work. He is best, as might be expected, later on, when his clarinet and the rest of the band are making their loving and leisurely way through things like "Sweet Sue."

AT the moment, there is little to be said for or about Fifty-second Street. Sidney Catlett, the mighty drummer boy, has looked in at a couple of places there, and he is always worth sitting up at night for. He is supposedly at the Downbeat now, and maybe he really is there, but you know about Fifty-second Street. Hot Lips Page has lately returned to the Onyx, where he is in charge of a reasonably successful band in which Joe Eldridge's saxophone and Hank Jones' piano may also be heard. Jones, one of the stream of useful pianists Detroit is putting out for the export trade, is new to me. He has a predilection for boogie-woogie, and he has a left hand that is considerably better than most performers' right. Page shows some of the effects of his barnstorming tour of the Midwestern dance halls, and now and then he and Eldridge fall into a clinch with a fairly routine duet. When Page squares off and really addresses his trumpet, though, he is as forthright and splendid as ever. Specialists in instrumentation may be pleased to know that Page is doubling on the French horn during this engagement. At the lips (cold) of the conventional practitioner, the French horn has a sweet and woodland melancholy, but when Page goes to work on it, it is a rollicking and boisterous street urchin, throaty as a trombone but having the additional virtue of occasional vagrant overtones that seem completely accidental. In a Fifty-second Street sinking into a lethargy from which there may be no return, it is a lovely noise indeed. —R. E. M. W.

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WASHINGTON, June 18 (A.P.)—The Supreme Court ruled today that the Associated Press, in passing on applicants for membership, must disregard possible competitive effeffcfftff ff ffonxitsemnieg qm viteeect etaoishrdluetaoshrdlu tive effects on existing members.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Steady.

OF ALL THINGS

PRESENT indications are that there will be no organized opposition in the Senate to the United Nations Charter. However, it may take three or four weeks to mop up all the snipers.

•

It is revealed that we are sending munitions to the Russian forces in Siberia. This material would come in handy if relations between the U.S.S.R. and Japan should take a turn for the worse, we hope.

•

The Tokio government is now showing signs of going democratic. It has extended to all civilians the inalienable right to die for their emperor.

•

We are warned that the industries of the Reich may start preparing for war again if we don't watch out. To make things harder, we now have four Germanys to watch instead of one.

•

Lord Haw Haw claims that he cannot be guilty of treason to the British Empire because he was born in Brooklyn. A free-born Brooklynite owes allegiance to nobody on earth except the Dodgers.

•

The Southern senators have denied that they are filibustering against a permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee. It seems that any excessive verbosity on their part has merely been an "extended explanation."

•

Two hundred captured Nazi banners were dragged through the streets and thrown into gutters in the Moscow victory celebration. That could not happen here, of course, because we have too much respect for souvenirs.

•

The Treasury Department list of the nation's big salaries shows how seriously the war has disrupted the American way of life. Several of our industrial leaders now actually get higher salaries than Hollywood stars.

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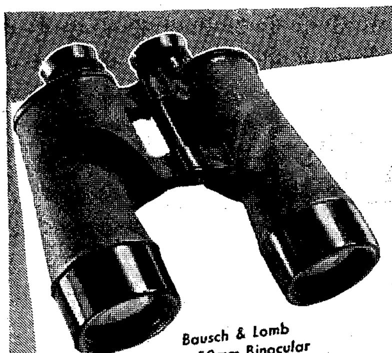
Many people fear that New York is in for a dirty, mud-slinging political campaign. Already the ugly word "machine-ocrat" has made its unwelcome appearance in our midst.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE ART GALLERIES

Family Album

A GOOD many things go on at the Modern Museum in the course of a season—movies, garden parties, architectural surveys, photographic displays, and so on, not to mention a practically continuous series of big special showings that have ranged in the past few years from the art of the American Indian to modern housing. There's so much going on, in fact, and it's so helter-skelter in character, that one now and then forgets that the place is a museum, in the time-honored sense of being a repository of works of art, with a permanent collection and a purchase fund to keep the collection active. It is a museum, though, and, as if to remind us of the fact, it is devoting this summer and its two main exhibition floors to a display of its possessions, with very little in the way of special lighting effects or other theatrics to dramatize the affair. This is something that old-fashioned museums do all the time, but in the case of the Modern it is rather an event, for it is the first time in its sixteen-year history that it has found time and space for such a showing. It is an event in another sense, too, for although even now only about a third of the collection is on view—some three hundred paintings and sculptures out of nearly nine hundred pieces—it is enough to give a fair glimpse, and a badly wanted one, into what is unquestionably one of the three or four finest aggregations of modern art in the world.

Perhaps because of the space limitation and the pruning that had to be done on account of it, the show has its weaknesses. I was disappointed in the Cubist and post-Cubist sections, for instance, in which I had thought the exhibit would excel. These have a few "landmark" pictures, such as Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and Léger's "Le Grand Déjeuner," but apart from them and a few other less well-known paintings, like the untypical but curiously effective diagonally patterned Juan Gris "Still Life," a Braque "Oval Still Life," Balcomb Greene's bluish-gray "The Ancient Form," and I. Rice Pereira's precise, delicate "Shadows with Painting," this part of the show seems slipshod and undistinguished. Further on, the selection results in an unexpected indecisiveness, when it attempts to mark out differences between realism and romanticism in contemporary American painting. This, surely, is a fundamental cleavage in art, running all through its history, ancient and modern, and it is odd to see the matter dealt with so tentatively: on the one hand, Thomas Benton and Julian Levi classed among the realists, and on the other, Marsden Hartley and George Grosz placed among the romanticists. To cap this, Edward Hopper appears in both camps, his "Gas" and "New York Movie" in the first group, and his "House by the Railroad" in the second.

There is a further fault that runs through the show and points up, I think, one of the major weaknesses of the Museum in its attitude toward modern art. Bluntly, and inexactly, the show is too "French" in makeup. I mean not so much that the selections are predominantly French in origin (the show is fairly catholic in the matter of nationality) as that the French tradition is the one emphasized—it is used, indeed, as the norm, or control, for the exhibit—and while this is all right for the French, it leads to some strange strainings at the seams when the attempt is made to force artists of other schools and nationalities into that pattern.

There is no doubt that France led, artistically, all the way from Impressionism on down to Surrealism. It is also true, though, that there were other, independent developments, such as Purism, Expressionism, and Futurism, that occurred at the same time and that now, by one of those unpredictable reversals of interest which come up fairly frequently in art, seem to be gaining as the French tradition weakens. The show largely ignores these developments, either in themselves or as influences, and the view it presents of the field of modern art, particularly contemporary work in this country, is slightly distorted in consequence. Mondrian appears, but the Dutch Purist movement, of which he was a part and which certainly, even if indirectly, affected such Americans as Charles Sheeler and Georgia O'Keeffe, is left out entirely. Kandinsky and Klee are hardly mentioned, and Expressionism, which, although it had its roots in French Fauvism, was largely a German development and is now being revived in different form in this country, is handled very gingerly indeed, its present-day exponents being either labelled "Romanticists," like Hyman Bloom, or classed loosely as "Fantasists" of one sort or another, like Jackson Pollock and Arshile Gorky.

I have said almost nothing so far of the excellences of the show, which are considerable. Ever since the Museum fell heir to the Lillie P. Bliss Collection, in 1934, it has been particularly rich in post-Impressionist paintings, and this section, with its wonderful Cézannes (the blue "Bather," "Still Life with Apples," "Man in a Blue Cap," and so on), the bold Matisse "Bather," the Degas "Dancers," among others, is really a delight to walk through. There are notable pieces throughout the show —Peter Blume's "The Eternal City," Otto Dix's enigmatic "Dr. Meyer-Herrmann," Orozco's moving "Zapatistas," Henri Rousseau's "The Sleeping Gypsy," and Jack Levine's "The Passing Scene," to name a few—and the Surrealist section (only here it is called "fantastic art") makes as sensible an attempt to schematize that chaotic field as I've seen. There are some fifty pieces of sculpture to round out the show, including a series of particularly fine figures by Despiau, as well as a vigorous Epstein "Portrait of Oriol Ross," a nice baroque "Blossoming" by Lipchitz, and two monumental figure studies by Wilhelm Lehmbruck, "Kneeling Woman" and "Standing Youth," set off to brood in a room by themselves.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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Memorial Day may be associated with flags and flowers and the rolls of drums, but to residents of Dedham it means the annual Horse Show at the Dedham Country and Polo Club.—*Boston Herald.*

And what dead soldier wants to be a spoilsport?

●

Her flair for interior decoration is almost as marked as her talent for creating clothes. The apartment which she and her husband maintain on 78th street and which they "occasionally get to see," is one of mixed Swedish, Moroccan, Chinese and Mexican influence pulled together with crude white rugs.—*Detroit News.*

A long, hard pull.

●

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the World-Telegram*]

The declaration, which scraps the Communists' wartime co-operation with American capitalism, consists of a resolution by the National Board of the OPA, made in response to the Duclos document which the World-Telegram first made public May 22 and smoked out into an open admission by the CPA itself.

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Comment by
Christopher
Morley

"Don't miss W. Gaunt's *The Aesthetic Adventure*... P. 114 of said book started me on another in my series of Art Episodes (by the Snide Professor):—

Ruskin's critique was a sizzler:
'Mr. Whistler is a chiseler,
Coxcomb, racketeer, and sniggerer'
He remarked, in *Fors Clavigera.*
Whistler, swearing on the Bible,
Got a farthing's worth of libel.

Ruskin, as he grew more goofy,
Left the world and lived aloof; he
Soothed his various ills and aches
At Coniston, with hills and lakes.
Weary of the mail's abundance
He retired from correspondence.*

If, after crumpets, after tea,
deep in reverie

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Farewell My Heart, by Ferenc Molnár, translated by Elinor Rice (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Molnár's well-known charm shows signs of wearing thin in this love story of a self-centered, middle-aged refugee from Hitler's Europe, who first refuses the passionate love of a young dancer, also a refugee, and finally accepts it too late to do either of them any good. The American setting, a departure for this Hungarian author, is the only surprise the novel has to offer.

The Happy Time, by Robert Fontaine (Simon & Schuster). A mildly entertaining although rather self-conscious story of the home life of a little French-Canadian boy of a couple of decades ago. The family is unconventional and warm-hearted, and in real life (there is an air of autobiography about this novel) it was probably amusing enough, but grown-up Mr. Fontaine is so set on making little Master Fontaine appear engaging that the narrative seems strained.

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international woodpile, after all), but his book, an examination of certain mistakes it might be well for us not to make again, has an immediate as well as a historical value. Illustrated.

Tolstoy and His Wife, by Tikhon Polner, translated by Nicholas Wreden (Norton). If being a genius is difficult, as the lives of so many geniuses remind us, being the wife of a genius is, as this study of Tolstoy's marriage amply proves, even more difficult. The relations between Tolstoy and his wife were so stormy and tormented, particularly during the latter part of their lives, that Mr. Polner's book, were it concerned with nothing else, would be almost too painful to read. However, this section of the story of Tolstoy, although it occupies the foreground of Mr. Polner's book, is made an integral part of the whole story of Tolstoy, and in tracing his transition from a hard-riding, hard-gambling, hard-living Army officer to a moral philosopher preaching and practicing the tenets of primitive Christianity, the author has written as good a biography of the Russian master as there is in the English language.

Walt Whitman, edited by Mark Van Doren (Viking). This, the latest addition to the well-edited and well-printed Viking Portable Library series, is one of the most successful of the lot. Mr. Van Doren can't be given all the credit, for almost any anthology of Whitman is bound to be interesting, but he has assembled, with a very fine sense of selection, what is perhaps the best and most comprehensive one-volume edition of Whitman ever put together. It includes ninety-five poems from "Leaves of Grass," a book that has long needed intelligent cutting and has at last got it; all of "Democratic Vistas," and selections from "Specimen Days." The introduction, by Mr. Van Doren, is sound, sensible, and pleasantly restrained.

The Wisdom of Israel, edited by Lewis Browne (Random House). A seven-hundred-and-forty-three-page anthology of Hebrew writing, from the Old Testament and the Apocrypha down to the literature of today. Anthologies are generally spotty, even ones so encyclopedic as this, but Mr. Browne has nevertheless put together an impressive cross section of a most impressive literature.

The Mode in Hats and Headdress, by R. Turner Wilcox (Scribner). The history and folklore of the things

He was born in Macy's show-window

and grew up to be a "Fabbulous Monster"

. . . And according to *The New Yorker,* "he died with his boots on, as we knew he would, in a public brawl as thousands cheered."

This, then, is the man whom thousands knew and loved as the Town Crier, the greatest self-publicist of our day. In all his quarrelsome, egotistical, generous career, he never let the world penetrate the real mystery of his paradoxical personality. Now his astute biographer has stripped away the mystery and presented the whole man.

To do so, Adams dug deep into Woollcott's precocious childhood; unearthed the strange circumstances which shaped his emotions and his physique; discovered the insecurity which made it necessary for Woollcott to revile his friends and shock his acquaintances. He has resolved the seeming paradox of this man who gave himself with equal fervor to personal aggrandizement and selfless crusading. The result is a fantastic and gossipy biography of the man who gave wit and fire and tenderness to his age.

"Under the joint magic of Woollcott and Sam Adams, one goes on reading avidly. Like Woollcott himself, his biographer has the divine gift of entertaining."

—LEWIS GANNET, *Herald Tribune.*

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—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times,*

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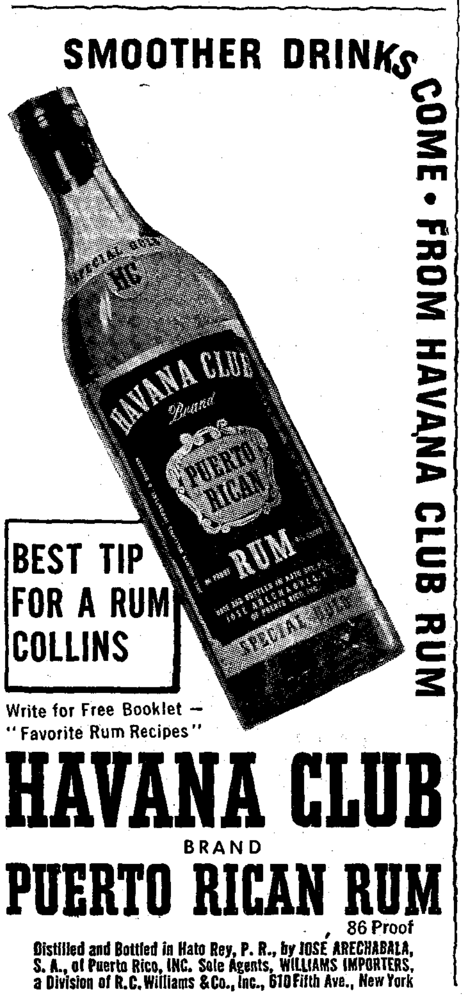

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that people have put on their heads from the time of the Egyptians of the protodynastic period to the time of the Americans of the Rooseveltian period. Mrs. Wilcox, who is also the author of "The Mode in Costume," provides both the text and the hundreds of line drawings that illustrate the shifting trends of style, but it's the drawings that make the book. Artists, designers, researchers, and period-piece novelists ought to find them extremely useful, and those less professionally interested may get some satisfaction out of this visual proof that hats and headdresses, especially women's, are no crazier now than they used to be.

Hawaiian Types, by Henry Inn (Hastings House). A book of photographs of young Hawaiian women, nearly all of whom are beautiful and most of whom wear bathing suits, that the publisher, with one of those over-solemn faces that publishers sometimes put on, is trying to pass off as a record of "the characteristics resulting from the free meeting and mingling of many cultural and racial strains." It may be that the way to make anthropology interesting is to undress it as attractively as possible, but if this sort of thing keeps up, Congress will have to pass a pure-blurb-and-jacket law. Andrew W. Lind, professor of sociology at the University of Hawaii, contributes a two-page introduction, but he seems rather embarrassed about the whole thing.

Retriever Gun Dogs, by William F. Brown (Barnes). The selection and schooling of the entire retriever group of dog breeds is here dealt with by the author of "How to Train Hunting Dogs." This book, which is simply written, may well increase the enthusiasm among outdoor lifers for these breeds, already, it seems, quite popular because of their ability to operate with equal efficiency on land and water, like amphibious tanks. Drawings and photographs.

Bass Tackle and Tactics, by Harold C. Hollis (Barnes). The author, an experienced angler, advocates very light equipment to make fishing for bass sportier. His obviously sensible book is full of tips about things like when to use dark-colored surface lures, when to fish deep lakes, and other matters of moment. Drawings and photographs.

VERSE

Selected Poems, by John Crowe Ransom (Knopf). Mr. Ransom, a former member of the University of Tennessee "Fugitive" group, has collected poems from two of his books, "Chills and Fever" (1924) and "Two Gentlemen in Bonds" (1927), and added five later poems. Ransom shares with Wallace Stevens—although formally more traditional than he is—a rather quizzical and quaintly conceited vocabulary. The mannerisms of the early work, as in his poignant elegies and the unforgettable "Piazza Piece," are perfectly suited to his subject matter. In his later work, the material tends to fade out, leaving what he calls "a verbal eloquence" to operate more or less on its own.

Poems for Painters, by Charles Henri Ford (View). The painters are Marcel Duchamp, Leonor Fini, Esteban Francis, Yves Tanguy, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Mr. Ford's poems are now strongly influenced by Paul Eluard's brand of Surrealism. Edith Sitwell has said of them, "They give me always a shock of delight and revelation." This large pamphlet, whose typography was designed by Parker Tyler, contains sixteen halftone reproductions on heavy paper.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

First Come, First Kill, by Francis Allan (Reynal & Hitchcock). John Storm, a youngish and enigmatic private detective, investigates a series of murders in an expensive portion of Westchester for a bride who has been told that she is next in line. The lights keep going out, a house burns down, and bullets zing about, but in spite of this, Storm gets to the bottom of things, and sinister things they are, too. Well planned, and featuring a detective who looks as if he would shape up well in future mysteries.

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[*From the Hudson* (N.Y.) *Register*]

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The month of May, 1945 will go down as one of the most outstanding in world history. Here are just a few of the events which have occurred and the month is only 10 days old:

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May 7—Associated Press announces Germany surrenders.

May 8—V-E day officially proclaimed by President Truman.

May 9—Goering, Quisling captured.

May 10—Snow fell all over Columbia county.

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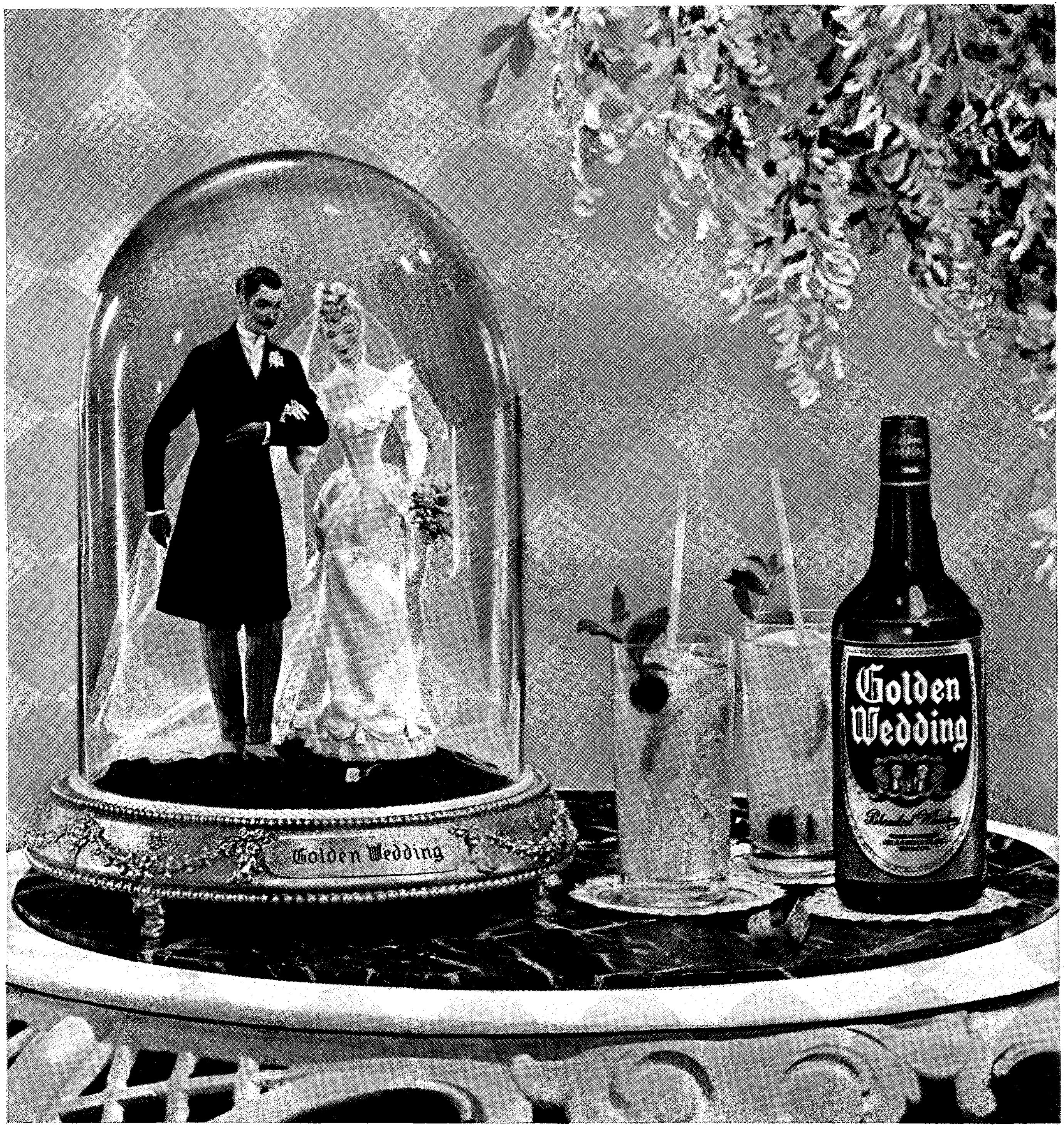
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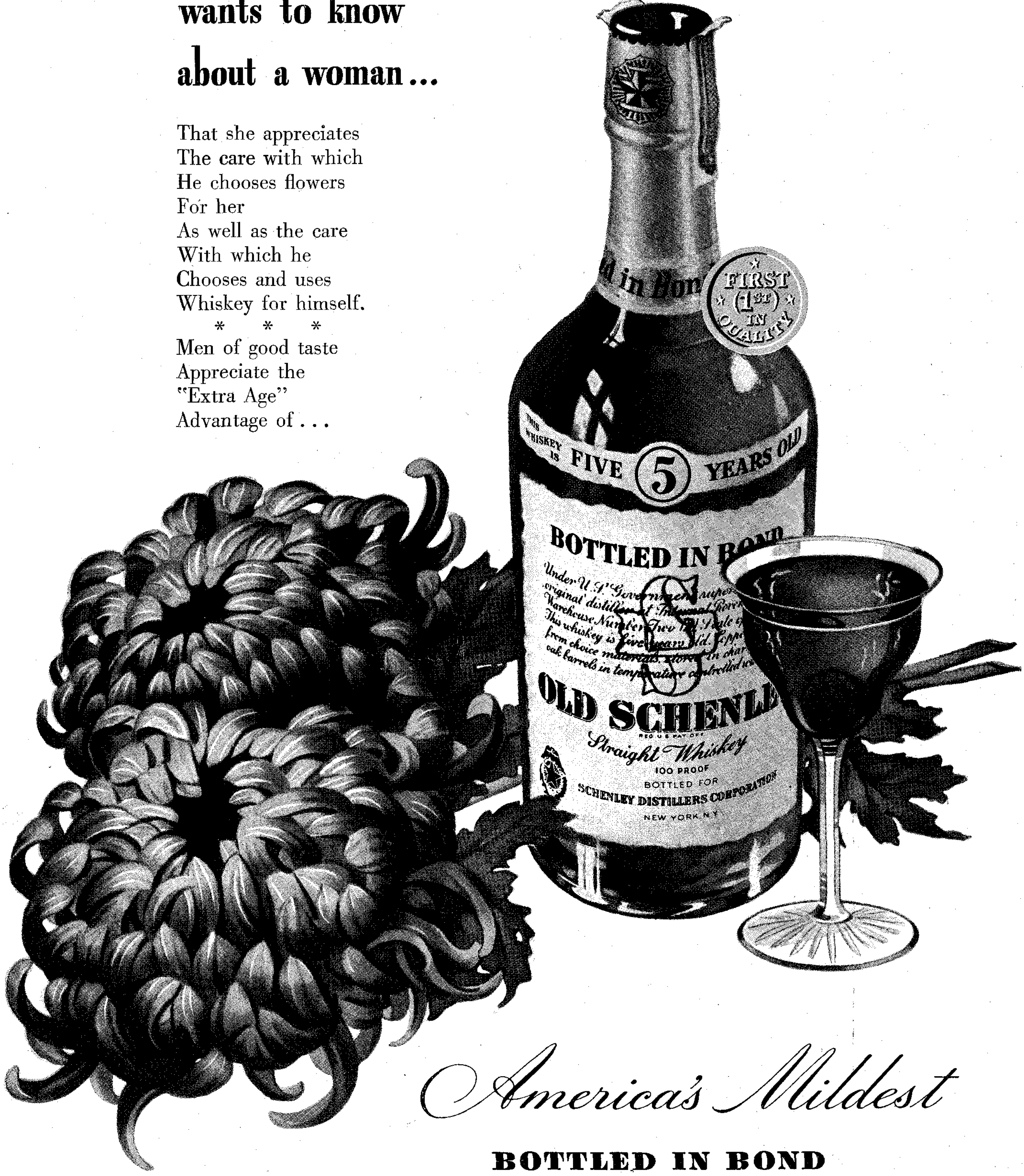
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